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EVENING AT HOME.

Then Kalle, or May, as night grows in the room,
With the sweetness of some dear old tune fills the gloom,
As she plays, through my brain steals its feeling, till there
I could dream night away in my own easy-chair!
Oh my own easy-chair,
My own cosy chair,
What dreams come to me in my own easy-chair!

Then rhymes come unbidden; as feeling grows strong,
Through head, lip and pen, fancy hurries along,
And songs leap to birth, to some still voiceless air,
And a poet I seem in my own easy-chair;
Oh my own easy-chair,
My own cosy chair,
The muse loves me well in my own easy-chair!

Oh, Emma, my good, true, my own darling wife,
Through the worst cares of day how it gladdens my life
To think that at evening your face will be there,
Looking love to me, stretched in my own easy-chair;
Oh my own easy-chair,
My own cosy chair,
How dear comes that voice to my own easy-chair!—*W. C. Bennett.*

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XLVII.

Although Ishmael had named an early hour the following day for their departure from London to Brighton, it was not until late in the afternoon that all his arrangements were completed. The five o'clock express was the train he selected, and in but little more than an hour beyond that time a carriage received them at the Brighton terminus, and proceeded at a dashing pace down the Queen's-road and West street, took its way along the King's-road, and ultimately halted at a magnificent mansion in Brunswick terrace. A thick haze arising from the sea prevented the occupants of the carriage from seeing anything save the brilliant lights dimmed by the fog, or the glimmering lamps, placed few and far between on the edge of the footway.

Still adhering to the regulation Ishmael had established, each dined in their apartment alone, and retired to rest without again meeting that night.

Violet, absorbed in the delightful probability of again seeing Cyril Kingswood, took but little heed of her new surroundings, and though she had never seen the sea, she felt indifferent to her close proximity to it, and did not once draw the window-blind aside to attempt to get a view of it, even though she had heard Ishmael, as they drew near to the house at which they had alighted, say that it was enveloped in fog.

One new and strange thing she became conscious of, but not until she had retired to rest, and that was a peculiar, mournful, rushing sound, repeated and subsiding at regular intervals. It reminded her of her forest-home, when the wind soughing through the trees, preparatory to a storm, swept through boughs, branches, and tree-tops, swaying and stirring the leaves, compelling them to chant a low, monotonous swelling, complaining, moaning strain, soothing and pleasing to those accustomed to such wild, plaintive music, but depressing and even terrifying when heard by others who live in busy and populated places, where such sounds are seldom or never heard.

In the ear of Violet the surge and break of the sea upon the shore, the long roll of the descending shingle, as it followed the retreating wave to be again cast up, although she knew not what occasioned them, were sounds inexpressibly grateful. Again she sat in her leafy home with Cyril by her side, again she listened to his tender sentiments, so soft and so musically breathed in her willing ear, and gazed with his fond eyes, not less loving and ardent in their expression than her own.

And so she was by this tender, murmuring, complaining music wooed to sleep, thinking of Cyril as she sank into slumber, and living over the past with him in her happy, happy dreams.

The sunlight awakened her, the gradually-brightening beams penetrating through her window-blinds filled her apartment with their golden rays, and seemed to bring with them a freshness and animation to her spirits.

She arose and attired herself. She threw open her casement, and started back with a cry of astonishment and delight. What a sight met her gaze!

THE SCENE IN THE FOREST.

The wind had changed from the east to the south, and the haze had all disappeared. Before her was an expanse of ocean, bounded only by the sky, on the right by the spur of land upon which the town of Worthing stands, on the left by tall cliffs. The sea was as calm as a lake and as blue. Upon its still surface rested a few fishing-boats at anchor, rising and falling gently as though they were reposing upon the breast of a prostrate sleeping giant, and their motion was created by the gradual coming and going of his breath.

Immediately beneath her eyes was a broad, well-kept roadway, and beyond that, stretching down to the beach, a green slope also well kept, and from its proximity to the shingled shore, especially pleasant and attractive to the eye.

A few pedestrians were slowly pacing to and fro, and some fishermen were stretching their arms and hesitating whether they would lean against the rails before them on their bent arms or with their backs.

Although yet early in the morning and early, too, in the spring, some bathing-machines were standing in the sea, mid-wheel in depth, and some singular-looking objects in yellow oilskin caps and dark-blue dresses, strikingly denuded of crinoline, were, with ropes about their waists, bobbing up and down in the quiet water, something after the style of dancing dervishes.

The air seemed so fresh, the sky so clear and bright, a fleecy, lazy cloud only here and there mottling the wide expanse of blue; the hum of increasing traffic, the plaintive beat of the sea as it ran up the shore broke in a thin line of white foam, receded only to return and repeat its chafing. The whole scene, in fact, was so new, so strange, so brilliant, and so attractive, that Violet, quite enchanted, stood at her window gazing eagerly in all directions, until her attendant summoned her to the less romantic, but not less essential to health and comfort prospect, of a well-furnished breakfast-table.

Violet had no eyes or thoughts for her morning meal; she thought only of the novel and beautiful scene she had beheld, and of the probability that she should again see Cyril in this fair place.

It was with no little pleasure that she, at a later period of the morning, complied with Ishmael's request to accompany himself and Erle in a walk upon the esplanade. At his desire, she enveloped her features in a thick veil, as this would enable her, although he did not explain to her his object in wishing her to do this, to observe and notice the persons whom she met, and other objects worthy of attention, without herself attracting attention of a character likely to confuse and embarrass her.

The hour approached noon, and the walks and the beach itself, at a certain part, were thronged with visitors. Though not what is termed the Brighton season, there was, nevertheless, a large concourse of promenaders, most of them evidently persons of good station, and, not a mean proportion, individuals of distinction.

As they wended their way slowly along, accosted every few steps by polite boatmen, who, with fingers raised to their temples, desired to know if they would "like to have a sail dis morn'. Fine morn' for a sail," although there was scarcely a breath of wind stirring, and not a ripple on the sea, Violet regarded with some surprise the costume adopted generally by the crowds of young and handsome ladies, who passed at a somewhat brisk and martial step to and fro. The small hats perched upon the tops of their heads, originally affected by the Spanish contra-bandista, displayed more openly even than the little bonnets which had at one time been the fashion, the charming faces which the fair owners certainly betrayed no intention of concealing. The figures, petite and graceful, were in some instances set off to advantage by tightly-fitting cloaks or hidden under-capes fashioned like those occasionally worn by the sterner sex. The skirts of the dresses were unusually amplified and caught up in most instances sufficiently high to exhibit an under-garment of the most brilliant colors, and ankles encased in startling-hued hose, abruptly terminated by the smallest and most beautifully-shaped Balmoral boots in the world.

Violet, in her innocence, charmed with the beauty of these young, singular-attired ladies, believed them to be natives of some other land; yet she thought that they could be hardly strangers to this clime, for their glances, though but glances, were directed upon the many elegantly dressed gentlemen as they passed, and those of the gentlemen upon them. Some of the gentlemen, too, wore hats similar to those adopted by the young ladies, and she thought them odd and silly but still everyone seemed to pass them without particular notice, so she assumed that it was "native to the custom," and though possibly very ridiculous if worn in London, still quite proper to the place she was then in.

In the roadways there were singers dressed in the costume of one of the Swiss cantons, warbling airs from favorite operas, while in other parts there were German bands making morn hideous by their destestable uproar. In a quiet spot would be seen a being with a sallow face, to which water had long been a myth, black, ragged moustaches, and long, greasy, black hair, apparently ill of a song by a favorite composer. And further on a body of negro minstrels might be heard going through a rapid performance on tambourine and bones, as if they expected the immediate approach of a policeman to put an end to their exhibition before they could have time to collect their reward from a smiling but not very liberal crowd of spectators of the humble class.

A musical performance of a different kind, at the same time, was taking place upon the beach in front of the Bedford Hotel. A respectable body of musicians, styled the town band, here executed with skill, precision and an excellence scarcely to be expected under the circumstances, overtures, pieces, polkas, waltzes, and other music. And here a very large assemblage of the principal visitors congregated, some seated on chairs, others on benches, and not a few upon the steps of bathing machines, of which at this part there is a long line.

Ishmael paused here for a few minutes to enable Violet to see a phase of life entirely new to her. Interspersed with ladies and gentlemen were children, attended by nursemaids, actively engaged in grubbing holes in the sand and shingle, or gazing with admiration upon a one armed man, whose head was garnished with a crimson cap, having a tassel ornament at the end dropping down to his shoulder. This individual sold cakes, ginger bread-nuts, and brandy-balls, and required to be favored by any of his small, but longing auditors, with a solution of the problem, that "if one of the nuts would warm either or any of them for a week, what would a pound do?" Mixed up with this motley group might be seen bathing women, with bonnets upon their heads of an ancient shape, and blue flannel dresses on their bodies of narrow dimensions, curtailed proportions, and inelegant fashion, standing arms a kimbo, talking to a kind of hybrid seaman, who sat or lolled about with folded arms, pipe in mouth, firm in the belief that work was not intended for them or expected of them; that there is but one paradise, which is beer; and tobacco is its prophet.

The sounds of music, the thronging of individuals, restless in their movements as the sea itself, the passing to and fro of long strings of young ladies, yet under the martinet rule of the schoolmistress, the longing to be emancipated from it; the whirling by of equestrians, male and female; the rolling of carriages, phætons, flys, and other vehicles; the bright, clear atmosphere; the wide, wide sea, deepening each moment in color, all combined to bewilder and confuse Violet; but at the same time to amuse, interest and delight her.

Ishmael watched her closely. He could see the glitter of her eye through the veil, and the heightening of the color on her cheek; and he could also tell, by her eager examination of the different objects the scene presented, together with the elasticity of her step, that she was deeply interested and excited by what she beheld.

He bent his head low down to her, and said—"The sight pleases you, Violet?"

"Oh, very greatly, indeed," she returned, with vivacity.

"There are hundreds such scenes which await your inspection," he replied, with some emphasis; "and now you will better understand that the broken heart does know a resuscitation—it doth not perish for ever."

He felt her start and shudder as he breathed those words into her ear. He saw her head droop, but she made him no reply.

He could scarcely have expected an answer, yet he felt something vexed that she did not reply. He almost fancied himself premature in the supposition that change of scene, and intercourse with the world, would make her forget; and yet she was evidently impressionable. Others, as fair and gentle as her, had been carried away by the soft words and softer smiles of newer friends, and why should she remain unchangeable, when so many of her sex were as mutable as that vast ocean upon which he then gazed?

He was disturbed by her continued silence, and by the fact that, on conducting her to the Chain-pier, upon which were gathered but a few persons, the interest she had exhibited in everything she saw previously, seemed to have faded away, and that his observations and remarks were poured into a dull and indifferent ear.

Erle, during the whole of their walk, had appeared, perhaps, as interested as Violet in a scene as novel and attractive to him as to her; but his attention had been evidently divided by an expectation of meeting Maud during their stroll; and even up to their almost solitary promenade on the pier, he did not diminish his active inspection of everyone approaching or passing him; still, however, to be disappointed.

Had he been vain and conceited of his personal appearance—had he any thought for other than Lady Maud—he would have been flattered by the attention he excited. Black eyes and blue eyes, hazel and brown eyes, all looked up into his face as they passed him, and flashed the brighter on beholding a countenance so handsome; but the deliberate stare, the fluttering eyelid, the coy glance, or the sly look, passed unheeded by him—they were not Lady Maud's eyes, and so he cared not how bright or how blue they were; they wanted the charm of belonging to her he loved more deeply and more passionately the more her presence was denied to him.

One circuit of the pier, and Ishmael led the way off. He, too, seemed disappointed that he had not encountered some one he had evidently expected to meet, and returned in silence, and with a knitted brow, to their residence.

On reaching the door, he said, looking at his watch—

"I have ordered horses. They will be here in an hour. You had better take luncheon. I will return to the drawing room at the time I have mentioned, and accompany you in your ride."

He left them as he concluded, and ascended to his chamber, while they, according to custom, parted, each seeking their own rooms, to take their meals alone.

When Violet returned to the drawing room, dressed for the equestrian trip, she saw Erle standing by the window, gazing thoughtfully upon the sea and a dejected expression on his features.

She stole up to him, and tapped him lightly on the shoulder. He started, and turned round to her. There was a sudden, haughty, fierce expression in his face, but it changed when he perceived Violet.

"You are sad," she exclaimed.

A sigh involuntarily escaped him.

"I am anxious, troubled, perplexed, Violet," he exclaimed. "I have several matters to disturb me, and each hour they grow more and more insupportable. There appears to me but one course"—(he lowered his voice)—"and that is, to fly from this bondage. It galls me beyond my powers of expression to describe. I know not who I am—I have only a few horrible surmises—I know not for what fate I am reserved. I know only that at present I am a creature, a tool, an instrument in the hands of Ishmael for some dire purpose, and this is a state of being I am resolved to end. I will remain only until I have fulfilled the object of my visit, and then no more shall be heard of me until my name shall be uttered in honor, and my presence, instead of being the subject for finger-pointing and wonder, shall be welcomed with pride and satisfaction."

Violet looked at him with an expression of terror on her face.

"You will not, Erle, leave me alone with Ishmael?" she said.

"He will befriend and protect you as he has little else done," he responded, taking her hand.

She drooped her head. "He hath vowed that I shall never, never wed Cyril," she murmured, in a sorrowful tone. "He will keep his vow so long as I am wholly and entirely in his power. You bade me have faith—you bade me hope—you pointed out to me how, linked together in isolation, you would remain by my side, you would work a path way out of the entangled mystery which surrounds us, and lift me with you into the sunshine of happiness. I have had faith in your words, in your promises, in the future, because you bade me; but if I am now to be left by you alone with Ishmael, there is hope for me no longer. I may abandon all, and pray only for the hour to come which will release me from life."

"Do not believe, Violet, though I leave you, I shall desert you or forget you. Reviewing the past, from the first hour I set foot in Kingswood Hall until now, I am only each day more confirmed in the belief that the destinies of both are interwoven with those of the Kingswood family. I cannot divine how, but that it is so I am sure. I shall not, I suspect, be able to unravel this complicated matter by remaining with Ishmael, to act like one taking part in a pageant. I must adopt another course, and I have framed a plan which may be successful. It may be disadvantageous to me; be it so—I shall dare it. But I will not quit you for ever without some bold effort to secure your happiness. I have decided upon this, and I may not have an opportunity of speaking to you again. Before, therefore, I quit the subject, there are two matters I wish strongly to impress upon you—remember and act upon them. The first is, that you bear an extraordinary resemblance to a portrait of a lady of the race of Kingswood hanging in an old apartment of Kingswood Hall; and, likewise, to a statue of that lady standing in the antique library. Your face, there seen, I have seen also vividly in—in—" (he passed his hands over his temples)—"in dreams it may be—day-dreams, visions, but still your face, bright and clear as I see it now—"

"As I have seen yours in that picture which hangs in the old hunting tower at Kingswood Chace," she exclaimed, with a startled, excited manner; "and at night in the forest depths, in the cold, grey moonbeams—and in—my dreams and visions, too," she added, in a tone which made him thrill.

"So shall it prove that we are both of the race of Kingswood," he returned, in almost a solemn tone.

"No—no—this cannot be," she cried, hastily. "No, no, Cyril Kingswood cannot be allied by blood to me—only—only, Erle, by love."

"We must prove that," he said, musingly. "There is a mystery which awes me as I contemplate it, but I will fathom it. And, therefore, do I secondly impress upon you to feel no surprise, concern, or betray any feeling if suddenly you miss me from our daily communion. Ishmael will not speak of it to you; be silent to him respecting it, and let him think as he may, although it seems harsh in me to say this. I would be grateful to him if I could, but he should satisfy me that what he has done for me has been for my benefit, and not alone to gratify the promptings of an uncompromising revenge."

The last words had hardly left his lips, when Ishmael made his appearance. He motioned to them to follow him, and they obeyed in silence.

Their horses were at the door and two grooms. A crowd quickly assembled to see them mount, and many were the exclamations of admiration from a very humble audience at Violet's beauty. Her attire was nearly the same as that in which she appeared in Hyde Park, and it attracted as much attention here as it had done there.

A carriage approached them slowly; it was open, and contained two ladies. An exclamation from Ishmael drew the attention of both Erle and Violet to its inmates.

"Lady Kingswood," he said; "by heavens, how changed!"

Erle looked into the carriage, and there beheld Lady Kingswood and Lady Maud seated. The face of Lady Kingswood was thin, haggard, and strongly marked, and there was a strange wildness in her eye as she turned it rapidly right and left. Her wandering glances were suddenly arrested by Erle's face, and she uttered a hasty exclamation, half rose up, and then fell back almost senseless in her seat.

One glance of surprise at her, and then Erle's eyes fell upon the face of Lady Maud.

Her eyes kindled as they met his, her pale cheek flushed, a faint smile curled her lip, and then her face became as white as death again.

A moment, and they were gone—a moment, and all the faces vivid in his eyes an instant previously were misty and indistinct.

Not so to the eyes of Violet, for she caught sight of Cyril Kingswood, who was on horseback, absorbed in thought, and did not see her. She would have attracted his attention, but she knew not how, and before even she could make a gesture which might have the effect of making him turn his eyes upon her, Ishmael rode slightly in advance of her, then dropped to her side, and Cyril was gone, unknowing how near he had once more been to her.

During the ride they met no more, although both Erle and Violet too much wished it. A glance of recognition alone would have made Violet happy, but it was not to be, and

they returned home to dinner with their wishes ungratified.

Violet, however, hoped that she might yet have the happiness of seeing him once again, even though she should be unable to interchange a word with him. Her sitting-room window looked out into the esplanade and roadway, and as soon as she was alone, she watched at it, but watched in vain, until deep night set in, and she could no longer recognize one form from another.

But soon after dawn she was again at her window watching—watching with an intensity of hopefulness that he would appear. It would be such joy to her to see him, and his eyes might fall once again on her face, and beam as radiantly upon her as they had of old, and if they did this, she could wait in patience and resignation for the time to come when they should meet to be no more parted on earth.

And even while such pleasing, hopeful, tender thoughts were passing through her brain, she saw Cyril before her eyes, standing on the pathway, gazing seaward, motionless and abstracted.

She did not think.

She caught up her walking attire, threw them hastily upon her, and within a minute she stood by his side.

"Cyril," she murmured.

He turned, and his astonished eyes fell upon her white, excited face.

"Violet!" he exclaimed, with a wild, passionate cry.

He seized her hands and pressed them to his lips.

Then a wild cry burst from him. He flung her hands down.

"No—no—no," he exclaimed, with a terrible shudder, "no, it must not be—it cannot be. I dare not see you more. No, we part for ever! Oh, horror! Oh, death! for ever and ever!"

Tossing his hands madly up, he darted from the spot, leaving Violet standing paralyzed.

A shadow came before her—a voice sounded in her ears—

"Thus I have told you."

But she seemed to know, feel, hear nothing. All power of thought, sight, volition seemed to have left her, and she was borne back to her chamber, inanimate and unconscious, by Ishmael.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

More than a week passed away, and Violet kept her chamber. Accustomed in some degree to such absences, and to Ishmael's silence respecting them and her, Erle made no remark. He, in fact, was glad to be as little in the house, or with Ishmael, as possible.

He paced the promenade in the morning, he rode along the drive in the afternoon. Some days he galloped his horse over the downs upon the Dyke Road, or took a canter through the beautiful avenue in Lord Chichester's park, leading from the Lewes to the Ditchling Road; at other times he directed his horse by the upper road to Shoreham; or, changing his route, pursued the way to Rottingdean; but without success. He hoped again to meet Lady Maud—he did not meet her.

One day, when the drive along the King's Road was unusually full, Ishmael accompanied him in his ride, and kept him, evidently with an object, at a slow pace, where the equestrians and the carriages were thickest. As they proceeded gently onwards, Erle perceived that, as usual, he was the object of some attention, and the eloquent blood rushed violently into his face as a young and dashing lady, regarding him through an eyeglass, said, in a voice loud enough for him to hear—

"Amazingly like Lord Kingswood—ridiculously like; more like his lordship than his own son, the Honorable Cyril Kingswood. Pray tell me, my lord Marquis—I know you to have been on intimate terms with the Kingswoods for the whole of your natural life—is this remarkable young person a relation of his lordship's? He must be."

Erle was, with Ishmael, compelled to remain quiet in the rear of a carriage, some vehicles immediately in front being blocked up by one of those pests which trouble this road—a coal cart. The remarks which caught his ear were painfully offensive to him, and finding that he was the object upon which several glasses were levelled, he would gladly have leaped his horse over one if there had been room so that he could have escaped.

However, his haughty, defiant, indignant look did not damage him in the estimation of those who observed him, for it was clear, by his noble carriage and his elegant form, that if a handsome person and an exalted mien conferred nobility, he might have been the son of a Duke.

He did not hear the reply made, but he saw that it was the Marquis of Chillingham who had been thus addressed, and who had answered the inquisitive lady in an undertone.

Another minute and he was free. He was about to gallop away at a mettlesome pace, when Ishmael sharply checked him, and then the Marquis of Chillingham joined them.

"I heard that you were here, Vernon," he exclaimed, in his old, quiet tone.

"Indeed!" responded Ishmael, as coldly.

"Who could have told you?"

"Sir Harry Wilton," responded the Marquis. "You knew Harvey Wilton, who was at Trinity with us? It is a son of his—immense e-tales—and has fallen desperately in love with your pretty young *protegée*."

The brow of Ishmael lowered; more, however, in thought than in anger.

"Talks of nothing else, and has been boring me amazingly to introduce him to you," continued the Marquis. "He is in London just now, but he will be down here again in a day or two."

"I shall be in London shortly. We will reserve the honor until then," replied Ishmael.

"As you please," rejoined the Marquis. "By-the-way, Vernon, I cannot help remarking how great the resemblance of your young companion is to Lord Kingswood. It is the common talk, and it appears to be desperately offensive to his lordship. Some one mentioned it to him at a Cabinet Council the other day, just as we had broken up, and he positively made a virulent and coarse reply to him. By Jove, here he comes! I will draw his attention. Ho, Kingswood!" he cried, loudly, as Lord Kingswood appeared, riding at a canter, with his hat deeply set over his brows.

The nobleman looked up and exhibited as great a change in his face even as Lady Kingswood had. Pale, strongly marked, his features were drawn down and looked sharp and pinched, betraying great mental suffering.

His eyes first encountered the glittering, savage glare of Ishmael's fiery orbs, and then they fell on the pale, excited face of Erle. A cry, almost a wail, burst from his lips; he struck his spurs into the sides of his steed and flew past them like the wind!

The lip of the Marquis of Chillingham curled, and there was a grim, savage smile on his features too.

"Kingswood has much changed," he observed thoughtfully. "He has altered ever since your young friend by your side—your secret as well as that of Kingswood's—appeared first at Kingswood Hall. Why, Vernon, have you made yourself, Lord Kingswood, and this youth the subject of discourse in every salon? By the bye, I must not omit that bright young beauty who occasionally accompanies you in your equestrian airings; she, too, attracks much attention."

"Indeed," answered Ishmael, with his sardonic smile. "Have I done this?"

"In truth have you," replied the Marquis. "The cause no one can get at."

"I have told you they shall," rejoined Ishmael, with emphasis. "The time is approaching. The world wonders; its wonder shall be set at rest."

"Nine days will do it, without your explanation," remarked the Marquis, drily.

"Lady Kingswood, too, is greatly changed in her personal appearance," suddenly observed Ishmael. "The haughty beauty appears to have subsided into a pale, haggard woman. Do you know why, Chillingham?" he inquired, with a sudden and startling emphasis.

The face of the Marquis became a trifle paler, and his eyelids fluttered.

"I—I—suppose," he commenced, with the slightest possible stammer, "that the troubles which affect the mind of Lord Kingswood disturb her ladyship's. I cannot possibly know of any other reason, and I am not quite sure that I care."

"Her ladyship is here," observed Ishmael.

"Was here," returned the Marquis, with a silent laugh. "They have grown into the oddest family. I have learnt by inquiry that her ladyship, Lady Maud St. Clair, and Cyril Kingswood came here together. They were to remain here some time, I understood, on account of the delicate state of Lady Maud's health, but young hopeful, suddenly, and without a word to any one, departed for London, and Lady Kingswood, with about as much reason, fled after her son, and carried off poor Lady Maud with her. I saw Lady Kingswood the day she left, but I could not get an opportunity to get up to speak to her."

"Did she see you?" asked Ishmael, fixing his glittering eye upon him.

This was a question the Marquis evidently did not like, but he answered, calmly—

"Yes, oh, yes! We were divided by some carriages, and when I would have joined, her carriage had driven away."

Ishmael made no comment on this. The Marquis, however, looked at him furtively, and wondered what was his motive for putting that question. That he had a motive he he did not doubt, but he was strangely and uneasily puzzled to think what it could be.

At this moment his quick eye caught sight of Sir Harris Stanhope and Beatrice. Carlton was on horseback riding by their side. Carlton at the same time caught sight of Erle; he called to his father to draw up to the side of the road, and he rode up to Erle, looking at the same time sharply for Violet.

"Sir Harris Stanhope, by all that is fortunate!" exclaimed the Marquis of Chillingham. "I want to have a little chat with him. Do you know him, Vernon?"

Ishmael grated his teeth together audibly. The Marquis heard the sound, and with surprise, observed on Ishmael's countenance an expression of intense and malignant hatred.

"I cannot speak with him!" he cried, and putting spurs to his horse, galloped off. The Marquis was surprised into following him, and Erle was left alone with Carlton, who would insist upon his approaching the carriage in which Beatrice sat.

He saw that she was pale and sad; he saw her deep dark eyes fastened upon his face, perusing its expression with great earnestness, but withal she possessed greater self-control than he did. He was hot and cold by turns, he chafed at his position, and said he knew not what—something of sorrow that she had been ill, something of hope that the occasion of her illness would pass away to no more return; that when again they met she would have recovered from her transient weakness, and that, with its pain, it would be quite forgotten.

There was a grave and earnest look in his eyes, a firmness in his tone, and a steadfastness in his manner, which was intended to shut out all hope; but Beatrice knew, or believed that she knew, men were weak and women were skilful, and she had a conceit that, though now she had been checked, she was not yet checkmated.

Carlton spoke of Violet, and Sir Harris inquired after Vernon, but Erle found himself unable to submit to his position, and he contrived that his horse should so curvet, turn, prance, and become so restless, that it was an excuse to raise his hat and gallop in the direction Ishmael and the Marquis of Chillingham had taken.

Not that he joined them—no! on the contrary, he avoided them, turned up a near turning, and after proceeding a short distance, he alighted and gave his horse to his groom.

He retraced his steps to the residence in Brunswick-terrace, and retired to his own room.

Late on the following day Ishmael inquired for him, and the servant handed to him the following note—

"Grateful for all that you have hitherto done for me, I take the future upon myself. You decline to place confidence in me—you decline to reveal to me what it is plain I ought to be put in possession of—you seek to make me a blind instrument to work out an atonement which, by your assertion, is due as much to me as to you. I refuse to become that instrument. I may be a willing one when I know all; until then I will take my own path. We shall meet again, that is certain, but under what circumstances will depend on you. There is a tie, I feel it and know it, which binds me to Violet. I will, so far as I can, watch over her. I may not conquer happiness for her, but I can try—and I will. Remember, great as may be your wrongs and mine, oh, Ishmael! the day must come when we shall both stand before the same tremendous Tribunal, each asking for mercy. Think of this when you note the pale face and wasting form of her whose happiness, more even than her life, you hold in your hand.

"HIM WHOM YOU HAVE NAMED
"ERLE GOWER."

When Ishmael read the contents of this note, he became faint. Then he crushed it in his hands, and an exclamation of rage burst from his lips. Then he summoned Violet to his presence. She came, pale, silent, and sad, more like a spectre, than a young, fair, blooming girl, as she had been but a few short months back. He spoke to her gently and tenderly, and he bade her prepare for their immediate return to London.

She cast her melancholy eyes round the apartment to catch the sympathizing face of Erle, but she saw him not. She remembered what he had told her, and she knew that he had departed.

An expression of utter desolation settled on her face. She, however, uttered not a word, but meekly obeyed him. A pang smote his breast as he watched, and when she had left the room, he struck his breast with his clenched fists and groaned—

"Have I not yet made sacrifices enough? Must I tramp my way to my just revenge over the broken hearts of those dearest to me! I have suffered long—unjustly suffered. Must my hour of triumph come when my heart is bleeding at every pore! I would place these two creatures upon a pinnacle of greatness. It is their due, it is their right—and it shall be theirs; but must I, oh, Heaven, slaughter their happiness to accomplish it?"

He pressed his hands over his eyes, and bowed his head low. Anon he threw his hands away, and held his head erect.

"It is the path of Fate. I must march along it. To swerve now would be to annihilate the work of years."

That night they returned to London. That night—dark and stormy—muffled in a cloak, Erle Gower stood in Kingswood Chace.

Knowing the family to be in London, he expected to see the mansion plunged in darkness, but there were lights in many of the windows, and he saw them moving in and out of various chambers, and he wondered why it should be. There was something, however, strange about the building, and he felt that nothing that happened there of an unusual character would much surprise him.

He passed on among the shadows of the old trees until he reached a window, beneath which he had kneeled when last he quitted these walls, as he presumed, forever.

Again he kneeled there, and a few passionate words burst from his lips.

The window was darkened, and all was silent within.

"Dark as my hopes," he muttered. "Be it so, but they cannot keep me, dear Maud, from revisiting that loved old library, from sitting where you sat by my side, from perusing again those lines which wrested out from my heart its secret, and placed it in words of fire before my eyes. I can, in spite of all their hostility, do this. I can roam at will beneath the proud roof—it may be of my ancestors. Oh, Heaven, how that thought pierces my breast and makes the heart sick! Who am I? Am I—can I be of name unstained, so that with unblushing cheeks I may fairly claim thy dear hand? Ishmael possesses this secret—from him will I wring it, be the cost what it may."

He turned away, wandering into the wood—for he did not deem it expedient to attempt to enter Kingswood Hall by the secret entrance until long after the household had retired to rest.

The wind whistled and moaned, and the trees bowed and waved, making mournful music, but the heavy clouds which had bordened the sky were being driven rapidly away, and he saw that by the time midnight chimed, the moon would be shining brightly over the old forest.

He knew the path through the Chace, and it is easy to believe, after what he had heard fall from Violet's lips, that he would pay a visit to the old hunting-lodge, if only to get a sight of the portrait hanging there, which was said, by her, to so much resemble him. He paused at the glade where he had met Philip Avon, and for a moment he could scarcely divest himself of the belief that a helpless object lay yet beneath the tree, even as he had left Philip Avon, ghastly and gory.

With a sense of suffocation he hurried towards it, and there lay stretched, indeed motionless, the body of a man.

He bent over it in silence, and tried to decipher the man's features.

At this instant an opening, caused by a rent in the clouds, enabled the moonbeams with a sudden gush to fill the glade.

A hound at some distance, far, far in the depths of the wood, bayed deeply.

The man, as if stung by the prick of a spear, leaped to his feet, and confronted Erle, who stood firm and erect as he rose up.

It was Tubal Kish.

He knew the fellow in an instant, and with stern face he gazed firmly at him.

The moonbeams settled upon him, and his countenance looked white and unearthly. He remained still and spoke not.

The ruffian cowered down, shrank back, and muttered—

"The spectre of the race,
Alone within the Chace,
Shall in the moonbeams stand,
When murder is at hand."

As he repeated the last line he seemed with difficulty to utter it; but when he had delivered it, he gave a growl rather than a yell, and fled towards the hunting-lodge.

Erle watched him until he had disappeared, and observed the flying hind never looked back, and he prepared to follow him, but his eye caught something glittering at his feet.

He stooped and raised Tubal Kish's large wood knife. Something else was, however, yet lying upon the turf, and when he picked them up, he found a pistol and a small hank of cord. That Tubal Kish had some villainous intent on hand he did not doubt; that he had frightened him out of it, he equally believed. He, however, took possession of them in case the ruffian should return in search of them.

Then he retraced his steps to the Hall, and remained quietly within the shadow of the buttresses until the hour of one was tolled by the turret clock; and then drawing forth the key of the secret entrance, which he had purposely retained, he tried the door, and found the lock yield at once to the movement of the key.

He entered, and closed it behind him, and was at once shrouded in intense darkness, but he had come provided with a small lantern and the means of lighting it. As soon as he had done this, he ascended with light steps the stone stafcase, and proceeded along the corridor to the apartment in which he slept on the first night of his introduction to the Hall.

It had evidently not been tenanted since he had quitted it, and looked very drear and desolate. He raised his eyes, and looked upon the portrait which faced the bed. He started, for the face—young and fair—seemed to smile down upon him. He started because, too, it so strangely resembled Violet. There was that singular, mystical expression of the features which seemed to render her more like an inhabitant of another and more heavenly sphere than this.

A cold, crawling shudder ran at this moment through his veins. It might have been fancy, but it appeared to him that a low, wailing sigh floated through the chamber. He drew a deep breath.

"I had need nerve myself for my task," he murmured, "or I shall fail to accomplish it. I am not a boy now!"

He proceeded direct to the panel where the group of flowers and fruit in high relief held in its secret recesses the Gothic key which fitted the doors leading to the old library.—The key lay there where he had placed it; it had never been discovered or disturbed.—He secured it, and as he upraised it, again he was seized with a sudden faintness, for his eye caught sight of the portrait, and he fancied the eyes gleamed and the lips moved in a fascinating smile.

He closed his eyelids and breathed heavily; he re-opened them, and once more gazed on the portrait, but the face was placid and dull, like all old paintings, and he muttered impatiently at what he considered his folly, and hastily quitted the apartment.

He entered the old, dreary-looking room, with its high-back chairs of black oak, and they looked very upright and grim in the dim light he bore, but he hesitated not to open the door in the corner of the room, passed hastily through the corridor, and opening the last door, he stood once more within the ancient library.

He was prepared for the statue of Lady Maud, and he gazed at it for at least a minute. It was of the two more like Lady Maud St. Clair than Violet, and yet he fancied that it wanted Lady Maud's artless beauty.

He sighed and passed on to the bookcase. There stood the book upon the shelf just as he had left it, untouched, no doubt, and bearing on the margin of the leaf the few poor lines he had written.

He drew it forth, and conveyed it to the desk where he had placed it, and where, her sweet face near to his, they had together perused it. He laid it down, and opened it at the very place. His heart died within him.

The library door at the further end softly and slowly opened. There appeared, approaching him with a quiet step, a female, bearing a lamp in her hand, but it was not lighted.

He stood riveted to the spot, his blood rushing back to his heart.

As she drew close to him, he saw that it was Lady Maud, dressed precisely as when last she had visited him in the library.

Her eyes were wide open, but they were sightless.

Every nerve in his frame thrill-d until his position felt almost insupportable, but he moved not, spoke not.

She advanced to the bookcase, even to where he had just been, and she placed her hand where the book had been.

"It is not here," she murmured, and then turned towards the desk where he was standing.

A smile was upon her lips. It seemed to him that she perceived him. Yet again, with almost a feeling of horror, he perceived her eyeballs were rigid and fixed.

Then she whispered—

"Sit down Erle. We will read this sweet story together again."

And she sat down.

And he sat down by her side, alone, in that dark, ancient library, in silence, in wonder, and in terror!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1861.

TERMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a-year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The FIRST YEAR'S subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

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THE PRICE OF THIS WORK IN THE STORES IS $6.00.

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ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names at the same rate, provided the after will is new their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we *prefer* Pennsylvania, New-York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order.*

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

OUR CITY SUBSCRIBERS.—*Our city subscribers would oblige us by either calling at the office and settling their accounts, or else sending the money by the post. The per centage that we have to pay collectors for collecting such small accounts, is a heavy tax upon us, and one which we hope our city subscribers will, as far as possible, save us.*

"FLYING SCUDS."

We would suggest to the Washington correspondents of the daily papers, whether it would not be just as well for them to say nothing when they know nothing. See what a mass of contradictory reports—all based upon the very best authority—they have sent over the telegraphic wires within the last month. Fort Sumter was to be immediately evacuated—to be immediately reinforced and provisioned—Gen. Scott had said it would take 20,000 men to reinforce it—Gen. Scott had said it would take 12,000 men to reinforce it—Sumter is not to be given up at all—the order that it shall be given up went forward yesterday—no order went forward yesterday—and so on; winding up with the following frank confession of the truth by the able correspondent of our neighbors of the Inquirer:—

The report concerning the order for the evacuation of Fort Sumter, and of that for its reinforcement, *have been purely conjectural, as no one here knowing the real state of the case will tell.* A Cabinet officer to-day has declared, however, that there is no truth in the rumor that the order for the evacuation has been issued. The fact is that this matter has been of such great public interest *that any flying wind of opinion has been caught up and sent forward to be showered upon the expectant public.* When President Lincoln decides what course is best to be pursued with respect to Major Anderson *we shall know it.* One thing is certain that he is not swayed by the opinions of one man or any set of men here. He is but little influenced by appeals to anything but reason and the most pressing exigencies in events.

We have not seen anything recently that bore on the face of it stronger evidence of coming within bow shot of the truth than the above candid confession. "*Flying scuds of opinion caught up and sent forward to be showered upon the expectant public;*" could any de-cription of what the Washington correspondence of our daily contemporaries really is, come much nearer the truth? We would suggest that a good heading for such correspondence would be "Flying Scuds."

MUSIC MADE EASY.

And so playing the piano, like telegraphing, is to be adapted to the simplest capacity, as we learn by an advert-ement in a foreign periodical. "Debain's Piano Mecanique," says the advert-ement, is a "pianoforte on which any one, *without the least knowledge of music*, can play the most difficult composition, at the same time producing the delicate light and shade of expression as intended by the composer; and being provided with a seven-octave keyboard can (also) be played on by the artist in the ordinary manner."

Then for churches where the best musical talent cannot easily be procured, we have "Debain's Antiphonel or Substitute for an Organist." We learn that "this instrument can be placed on the key-board of any organ or harmonium, and by it a person without the slightest knowledge of music can, with equal facility, play the common chant or hymn tune, and the mass or oratorio chorus." To prove that this can be done to satisfaction, we have the following testimony:—

"Sir,—I heartily join in the testimonials of the illustrious composers and artists in favor of your wonderful invention, the harmonium and organ antiphonel. I can, I believe, assure you, in advance, of a general and decided success in England, where all will be anxious to render justice to a discovery which I consider of immense importance for the progress of music, on which I hasten to congratulate you. JULES BENEDICT."

"Mons. Debain."

We further learn that these inventions are patronized by Queen Victoria, Napoleon III, the Empress Eugenie, the Queen of Spain, the Sultan of Turkey, and even the late Queen of Oude.

So we go—the age of machinery being indeed upon us. Who need despair now of becoming accomplished performers upon the piano and the organ?

ELECTION AND APPOINTMENT.

The ancient system of the appointment of minor officials by the Executive or the Judiciary, in place of electing them by popular vote, is rapidly coming again into favor. It is found that what is everybody's business is really nobody's business, and that men are elected to office, who could never get an appointment from any respectable Judge or Governor. The following table shows the difference in the expenses of Moyamensing Prison in this city, under the old board, elected by the people, and the new, appointed by the Judges. The new system—the ancient one revived—has been in operation for the last four years:—

Year.	*Prisoners.*	*Costing.*
1854	11,588	$78,288.18
1855	14,794	85,499.27
* 1856	14,981	90,359.78
1857	16,803	54,841.95
1858	15,134	53,183.64
1859	30,236	51,341.07
1860	21,585	54,877.52

* January 1 to June 30, $52,375.79; July 1 to December 31, $37,976.99.

In 1856, the last year of the elected board, the expenses averaged over six dollars a prisoner; while in 1860, they averaged only about two and a-half dollars a prisoner, being a saving on the 21,585 prisoners of about $70,000.

In view of these facts, can it be possible that the Legislature will fasten the unwise elective system upon us, in defiance of the wishes of the great majority of our citizens? However it may be in country neighborhoods, where everybody knows everybody, it is impossible for the inhabitants of a large city to know one-fourth the time what kind of men they are really voting for.

AN IMPORTANT MOTION.

It has been generally feared by the liberal party of Europe, that in case of another war between Sardinia and Austria on the Italian question, Prussia would, if necessary, assist Austria. Public opinion, however, has changed very greatly in Germany upon this matter, and we find that the following important resolution has passed the Chamber of Deputies at Berlin, by a vote of 159 to 146:—

"That we do not consider it to be either for the interest of Prussia or of Germany to place obstacles in the way of the consolidation of the unity of Italy."

In spite of the indirect though earnest opposition of the ministry, who did not wish to be fettered to the policy of non intervention indicated by the resolution, the Liberal portion of the Chamber succeeded in giving it a majority of votes. And as a necessary consequence almost, Prussia will stand quiet even if Austria be driven from Venetia at the point of the bayonet.

ENGLISH SENTIMENT.

A correspondent of "*All the Year Round*," a London journal, in writing of a visit to Charleston, South Carolina, made several years ago, and of the Revolutionary relics there, says:—

"I am not vexed or chafed by seeing Venatico's eyes kindle and his chest heave, as he relates the exploits of Sir Peter Parker and the slaughter of Clinton's men. *For I sympathise with the Americans in that unjust war. Though I lament the blood my country then unkindly shed, I cannot but rejoice that the oppressed colony became free, and, by and by, the freedom that it won, proved the right to freedom.*"

There is something very noble in these frequent English confessions that our forefathers were right and theirs wrong in the war of the American Revolution.

Another London periodical recently said, in commenting upon the present American troubles, and hoping that a way would be found out of the difficulty:—

We want a counterbalance to the vast military despotisms of Europe—for France, Spain, Russia, and Germany are still despotically governed by military power. Like "a good deed in a naughty world," the lamp of freedom shines with fair glimmer here and there upon the European continent—in Holland, in Belgium, in Switzerland, in Piedmont—but as yet it sends forth but an uncertain beam. Were the British Isles once subjected to military power, there would soon be an end of freedom in the Old World. The Liberals of Europe live by virtue of British freedom, and we in our turn rely for sympathy and support upon the various gothic flags of the Anglo-Saxon race which have established themselves at this or that point of the habitable globe. The Austral an continent, with its adjacent islands, and still more, at the present period of the world's history, the continent of North America, constitute our two great supports. The-e does not exist any nation, which has cast its roots so deeply and so firmly into the earth at distant points of its surface, as our own. The power of Russia, of France, of Germany, re-pectively, is concentrated into a comparatively narrow space; but on the other side of the Atlantic there is another England; in the far South-western Ocean, an England again. These great offshoots

have drawn their vigor from the parent trunk, but they have well repaid the debt. The progress which has been made in turning Liberal ideas into facts, during the last thirty years, even here at home, is greatly the result of the existence elsewhere of British communities, which had broken off all connection with feudal forms of thought. How, then, can we do otherwise than wish well to the United States of North America, and pray that they may not diverge from the paths which would lead them to permanent greatness and prosperity?

There may be some leaven of selfishness in the above view, but it is that "enlarged selfishness" which takes in the welfare of great communities of men, and the cause of human progress everywhere.

ALLEGED PLAGIARISM.

The following extraordinary charge against young Bulwer—"Owen Meredith"—has recently been made in Ireland:—

The London *Literary Gazette* of March second, has an elaborate article of four pages, demonstrating in the fullest manner that the famous poem of Lucile, which revealed last year in such an unexpected manner the genius of the son of Bulwer, is no better than a very literal translation of the "Lavinia" of George Sand. That novel, published in Paris about twenty-five years ago, is one of the few novels of George Sand, which has not appeared in an English dress; and the great number of larger works which have followed, had caused it to be almost forgotten. It is very remarkable, however, that so bold and complete a plagiarism from so well known a writer, extending through whole cantos of poems, should have remained undetected for so many months. Mr. "Owen Meredith," in his "Dedication" of Lucile to his father, has the assurance to say that he "has endeavored to follow a path on which I could discover no foot-prints before me, either to guide or to warn." In illustration of this astounding impudence, the reviewer in the *Literary Gazette* places the passages, from the novel and the passages from the poem side by side, and enables the reader to see that they are as nearly identical as poetry and prose can be. In many instances, indeed, "Lucile" uses the very words of "Lavinia"—the French expressions for flowers that have no English name. Of forty-seven pages which the reviewer examined, the identity was complete. No literary reputation can stand such an exposure as this; and we have probably heard the last of Owen Meredith as an author and poet.

Without expressing any opinion upon the charge of plagiarism alluded to in the above—only so far as to say that not only charity, but justice demands that the literary public should withhold its verdict until Mr. Bulwer has had an opportunity of being heard in reply—we may be allowed to dissent from the closing sentence of the article we have quoted. Putting *Lucile* aside, "Owen Meredith" has fully proven by other productions that he has no mean claim to the title of "author and poet." Mediocre, his poetry seems to us to be decidedly original. Whatever else may be said against the vein in which he works, it certainly cannot be accused of being the same old mine which third and fourth rate poets have been working at for ages. And among his fugitive pieces are those which will not soon be forgotten, but will probably continue to appear in popular "poetical selections" for centuries.

We await Mr. Bulwer's answer to the charge of the *London Literary Gazette*, in the hope, we might almost say belief, that it will fully explain what now, we confess, does seem a little difficult of explanation.

THE UNIVERSAL PRIVATE TELEGRAPH.—An invention of Professor Wheatstone's, by which the process of telegraphing becomes the mere pressing upon keys similar to those of an accordion—each key thus pressed upon telegraphing a letter of the alphabet—seems to be coming into use for private telegraphs in England. One nobleman, Lord Kinnaird, telegraphs from his residence, Rossie Castle, to the county town, eight miles off, and if anything is wanted from his tradesmen there, the order is given in his own library. In London they have projected a vast system of telegraphing by means of cables composed of from 30 to 100 isolated wires, to be carried over the tops of the houses. As the wires need not be thicker than ordinary pack-thread for messages of twenty miles, the whole cable is not thicker than the little finger—thus greatly reducing the expense. The cable does not bear its own weight, but is slung to a stout iron wire. The plan is for every person to have his own telegraph wire, as he has now his gas and water pipe, for which he will pay an annual rent. As the writer from whom we gather these facts well says:—

"Who shall say that this old earth is near its decadence? Why, it has only just been endowed with its nervous system; its muscles, if we may so term the steam-engine, have only been just set in motion; and its locomotive powers, the railway and steamship, have only just found out the full use of their legs. Its brain, nerve, and limb, it is but just emerging from its helpless infancy. At what pace we shall go in the next generation, we scarcely dare to anticipate."

A SHARP DODGE.—A certain New York merchant recently found himself in possession of a quantity of linen wrappers, of very good quality, but so short that no human being, not even an Esquimaux, could wear them with comfort. How to dispose of them to advantage was a question difficult of solution; but his wits were equal to the emergency, and he hit upon the following plan: He sent a stranger to a certain retail store, with instructions to inquire for short linen wrappers. The merchant could not supply him, and the stranger inquired where he could find the article. Next day another stranger was despatched on the same mission, and the next day another, and so on, until the retail merchant became convinced that there was an extraordinary demand for short linen wrappers, and began to look about to find a supply. He did not succeed until he came to the establishment of the merchant first mentioned, where he bought the entire lot. It is hardly necessary to add, that there has been no demand for the article since.

A very "sharp dodge" indeed! If Satan regularly takes the New York papers,—and that he does we have little doubt, saying nothing of the editors—he must have chuckled in reading of the above commercial exploit, and resolved that such a talented fellow as that New York merchant was entirely too valuable to let slip through his fingers. We do not know that highway robbery is any better than such a commercial "transaction," —but we are pretty certain that it is not a great deal worse. Highway robbery has at least an element of manliness which this sneak robbery is deficient in.

A SENSIBLE AND CHRISTIAN PROPOSITION.—We are glad to learn that the British government has proposed to settle the San Juan difficulty by arbitration. It is willing to abide by the decision of either Sweden, Switzerland, or the Netherlands. The matter being submitted to the Senate by President Lincoln, the Committee on Foreign Relations has made a favorable report upon the subject, and naturally recommends the choice of Switzerland. This is much more sensible than an attempt at brow-beating on one side or the other, and much better befitting two nations professing Christianity.

FORT SUMTER.—There is very little doubt now that the evacuation of Fort Sumter has been resolved upon by the Administration as a "military necessity," and that it will speedily take place.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CROSSED PATH; Or, BASIL. A Story of Modern Life. By WILKIE COLLINS, author of "The Woman in White," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

TRUMPS. A Novel. By GEORGE WM. CURTIS, author of "Potiphar Papers," &c. Splendidly (?) Illustrated by Hoppin. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and for sale by G. G. Evans, Phila.

THE ORDEAL OF FREE LABOR IN THE BRITISH WEST INDIES. By W. G. SEWELL. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and for sale by G. G. Evans, Phila.

HARPER'S GREEK AND LATIN TEXTS. Thucydides, in Two Volumes, and Vergilius. For sale by G. G. Evans, Phila.

HARRY HARSON; Or, THE BENEVOLENT BACHELOR. By JOHN T. IRVING (nephew of Washington Irving). Published by R. M. De Witt, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

HARPER'S MONTHLY, for April.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, for April.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, for April.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for April.

WALKING OR SLEEPING WITH THE MOUTH OPEN.

There is one rule which should be strictly observed by all in taking exercise by walking, as the very best form in which it can be taken by both the young and the ablebodied of all ages, and that is, *never to allow the action of respiration or breathing to be carried on through the mouth.* The nasal passages are clearly the medium through which respiration was, by our Creator, designed to be carried on. "God breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life" previous to his becoming a living creature.

The difference in the exhaustion of strength by a long walk with the mouth firmly and resolutely closed, and respiration carried on through the nostrils instead of through the mouth, cannot be conceived as possible by those who have never tried the experiment. Indeed, this mischievous and really unnatural habit of carrying on the work of inspiration and expiration through the mouth, instead of through the nasal passages, is the true origin of almost all diseases of the throat and lungs, *bronchitis, congestion, asthma*, and even *consumption* itself.

That excessive perspiration to which some individuals are so liable in their sleep, and which is so weakening to the body, is solely the effect of such people sleeping with their mouths unclosed. And the same exhaustive results arise to the animal system from walking with the mouth open, instead of—when not engaged in conversation—preserving the lips in a state of firm but quiet compression. Children should never be allowed to sleep, stand, or walk with their mouths open; for, besides the vacant appearance it gives to the countenance, it sometimes causes *coughs, colds and sore throats.*—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

☞ As soon as a stranger is introduced into any company, one of the first questions which all wish to have answered, is, How does that man get a living? And with reason. He is no whole man until he knows how to earn a blameless livelihood. Society is barbarous until every industrious man can get his living without dishonest customs.

☞ Pawnbrokers should be attached to actors, because they are addicted to spouting.

☞ Friends that are worth having are not made, but "grow," like Topsy in the novel. An old man, on his death bed, gave this advice to his sons:—

"Never try to make a friend. Enemies come fast enough without cultivating the crop, and friends that are brought forward by hot-house expedients are apt to wilt long before they are ripened."

THE stars are with the voyager
Wherever he may sail;
The moon is constant to her time;
The sun will never fail;
But follow round the world,
The green earth and the sea;
So love is with the lover's heart,
Wherever he may be.

☞ The Bourbons are now a family of exiles, not fewer than fifty-five out of the seventy four who are the direct or collateral descendants of Louis XIV. being in exile.

☞ Find a man whose words paint you a likeness, you have found a man worth something; mark his manner of doing it as very characteristic of him.

☞ Punch says an architect is a designing character. Of course he is; a man so full of art must be an art-ful man.

☞ A man gets into another world, strange to him as the orb of Sirius, if he can transport himself into the centre of a woman's heart, and see the life there, so wholly unlike our own. Things of moment to us, to it so trivial; things trifling to us, to it so vast!

☞ The man who "challenged contradiction" got into an awful fight, and was severely beaten.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A VERY OLD CUSTOM—THE ROMANCE OF CRIME—BLONDIN WANTED—TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION—A BAD BUSINESS.

PARIS, Feb. 15, 1861.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

The first three days of this week, cold but sunny, have been filled by the annual promenading of the "Fat Oxen," which, having won the suffrages of the Syndicate of the Corporation of Butchers at the yearly Cattle Fair of Poissy, are exhibited, during the three days of Shrovetide that usher in the period of Lent, and in all the glory of garlands and gilding, to the admiring eyes of the sight-loving Parisians. The spectacle has been unusually "grand" this year; the animals—rejoicing in the names of *Pekin, Shanghai*, and *What will they say of him?* being remarkably large and handsome, the car on which they are drawn being newly painted and decorated, and the Olympian deities who, under the marshalling of Father Time, always follow the oxen in a gorgeous car of their own, having come out in new and splendid costumes. Besides all these elements of the show, there was this year an enormous sheep, washed up to snowy whiteness, hung with ribbons and artificial flowers, and attended by two pretty, impudent-looking children, whose poor little heads have assuredly been turned for the rest of their lives by figuring on this exciting occasion as a shepherd and shepherdess, in all the spangles, colors, and gilding which, as everybody knows, are essential to the due discharge of the work of tending sheep. All Paris has, of course, turned out to see the procession, which has been winding its slow length along the usual route, visiting the Ministers, Ambassadors, Rothschild, and Pereire, the heads of the Butcher trade, the members of the Imperial Family, and the Tuileries; receiving "drink-money" at each hotel, and a larger gratuity at the palace.

If only the necessary work could be done, and the necessity of food, raiment and shelter supplied by sight-seeing, what a happy people would the Parisians be! The well-dressed and well-behaved crowd of Paris—unique in its way—turns out, and masses itself, in its best clothes and cleanest aprons, for hours before the oxen come by, patiently and contentedly enduring the cold, as good-tempered, polite and happy as possible, resenting nothing but attempts on the part of new-comers to squeeze themselves into the front ranks to the detriment of the view of those who have been holding their positions until they feel that they have an imprescriptible right to them. A Paris crowd will never stand interlopers; and wages spasmodically angry at any attempt on the part of new-comers to get into the front ranks; but nothing else ever disturbs its equanimity, as one would almost think, to see the zealous passivity with which it waits for hours either to see a procession go by, or to secure the best seats at the theatre or circus.

But to return to the special show-off at which Paris has been gazing this week. The Olympian chariot was preceded by another open vehicle filled with fancifully-attired musicians; and these were headed by a body of mounted police to open the way for the procession. Beside the car on which stood the Fat Ox of the day, with its wondering brown eyes, that no doubt would gladly have exchanged the architectural and millinery glories of Paris for the green fields of Calvados whence it had been withdrawn, were a band of butcher-boys arrayed in the costume of Roman lictors; behind came another body of mounted police. Very few masks have been out; that accompaniment of the carnival tending to disappear in the latitude of Paris.

There is some talk of the famous rope-walker, Blondin, being engaged to show off his astonishing powers in that line for the amusement of the people of this city. Leotard, the gymnast, whose astounding feats at the circus here were described in my letter of May 25th of last year, and who has been drawing increasing crowds ever since, having just accepted an engagement, on fabulous terms, at St. Petersburg, has left the circus here deprived of its greatest attraction. The last night he appeared at the circus, he performed a new feat, so astoundingly difficult that the public went into even more than its usual state of rapturous excitement; and the manager offered him $120 for one more night. Leobard, who is on bad terms with the manager, refused this offer, and will transfer his feats of flying, and springing through the air from rope to rope, to the northern capital which promises to pay his vaultings in such handsome style. The presence of Blondin would therefore be peculiarly welcome at this establishment, where they have nothing to take the place left vacant by the retreat of the great gymnast, whose feats, marvellous as they are, the leap of the Mamelukes, the engulfment of Curtius in the Roman forum, and even the imaginary descent of Monte Christo in his sack through the air, are, after all, but tame and common-place compared with a real adventure of General Moore's, the authenticity of which cannot be called in question, the General having written the following statement with regard to it:

"In June, 1848, at the Island of Dominico, in the West Indies, I fell over a precipice of 237 feet, perpendicular height, upon the rocks by the sea side. This occurred about a quarter past seven o'clock, P. M., then quite dark, as no twilight exists in the tropics. During the fall, I stuck to my horse, every bone in whose body was broken; and I conceive that my escape from instant death was one of the most miraculous that ever occurred. I have often thought of putting down all the circumstances of that extraordinary accident, but the dread of being taken for a Baron Munchausen has restrained me. I do not expect that any one will believe it, though there are many living witnesses. I expect no sympathy; for as soon as I could use a pen, I detailed the catastrophe to my mother to account for my long silence. I received in reply, in due course, a long letter detailing family news, without any allusion to my unfortunate case, except in a postscript, in which she merely said, 'Oh, William, I do wish you would give up riding after dinner?'"

Such an escape is certainly very wonderful, whether we call it "Providential," or "miraculous," or attribute it to the "luck" in which the nose of the lower classes in France so devoutly believe; and which leads them so generally to trust to "bonheur" rather than to honest and persevering labor, and so zealously to support the innumerable lotteries out of which the civil and ecclesiastical hierarchies of France contrive to get so much "picking" in the course of the year.

The encouragement given by the French Government, directly and indirectly, to the public lotteries, which exercise so deplorable an effect on the morals of the people of this country, is well illustrated by the following, which I extract from the semi-official journal, *La Patrie*, of a few days ago, and which is at this moment going the rounds of all the principal papers:—

"The first prize in the Lisle lottery has just been gained by two grenadiers of the First Regiment of the Guards, named Mourelot and Harand. Fate has, for the nonce, favored two men worthy of being mentioned as examples of good conduct. Mourelot has always shown himself a good soldier, and a tender son. Born at Madiran, in the Department of the Upper Pyrenees, he is the sole support of an old mother, now infirm and unable to work. Mourelot never neglected to send all his pay home to his good mother, and, in order to have the means of giving her more comforts in her old age, he resolved, not long ago, to re-enlist, on the expiration of his term of service. It may be easily guessed that this excellent son had not been slow in sending to his mother the bounty he received on his re-enlistment. A week ago, Mourelot, prompted by his good star, entered a tobacco shop in the Rue de Rivoli, and determined to buy three tickets for the Lisle lottery. Perhaps, on quitting the shop, he may have regretted his money, of which he thus deprived his mother; for on reaching his barracks, he confided his apprehensions and his slight hopes to his comrade, Harand, who offered to share the chances with him, and to take part in the risk of loss as well as in the chance of gain. Mourelot consented willingly, and Harand gave him one-half the price of the three tickets; that is to say, one franc and a half, which, he remarked, laughingly, he 'considered about as good as lost.' But fortune was favorable to them. One of the three tickets gained the great prize of 40,000 francs, and the two grenadiers are thus in possession of 20,000 francs apiece.—The happiness of Mourelot may be imagined. Henceforth his mother is out of reach of want, and she will be able to spend her last days in peace and comfort."

Another journal tells us that Mourelot, not having enough money to buy the three tickets, got Harand to furnish one franc and a quarter, and a second comrade to fork out the remaining five *sous* wanted to make up the sum; and makes Mourelot, on applying at the lottery-office for his prize, inform the admiring bystanders that he and Harand had quite forgotten about their tickets until, one day, it got noised about in the barracks that the lottery was drawn, and that the first prize was gained by two men in our company.

"Oh which," said the grenadier, "I got a list of the winning numbers, and found, sure enough, that we were the winners! Our Colonel, hearing of our luck, gave me a leave of absence to come here for my money, and here I am!"

According to this account, in which no mention is made of the "infirm old mother," Mourelot keeps 30,000 francs; Harand 19,000 francs; and the subscriber of five *sous*, has 1,000 francs. However this may be, the moral of this touching and exciting history, which will be spelled out, and commented upon with the most eager interest, in every wine-shop, eating-house, and porter's lodge, from the Channel to the Mediterranean, and from the Rhine to the Bay of Biscay, is of course, that all poor devils who are tired of being poor, and don't like working long for little gains, should by all means contrive to scrape a few francs together, and forthwith invest such scrapings in one or other of the innumerable lotteries got up all over the country, under the sanction of the Government.

An equally glowing account of the raptures of the winners in another lottery, is also going the rounds of the papers; the *Patrie* winding up its account by remarking, "what a very nice thing" is such an addition to the resources of poor working-men, one of whom is thus relieved of all future necessity of working—"the sum gained by him constituting a fortune for one in his position," and the prizes gained by the others being enough, when added to their wages, to make them "exceedingly comfortable."

Not very long since, a poor workman went mad from excess of rapture at gaining the highest prize in one of these lotteries; and a few months ago another committed suicide in despair at having risked all his earnings in various lotteries, and lost in all.

QUANTUM.

TENDER-HANDED stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains:
So it is with certain natures;
Use them kindly—they rebel;
But be rough as nutmeg graters,
And the rogues obey you well.

☞ Dr. Dio Lewis, editor of the Boston Journal of Physical Culture, condemns with great force the present prevailing style of school desks as injurious to the health of the scholar, and recommends that the desk be raised high enough to keep the spine of the sitter erect, preventing it from bending forward.

☞ "You carry your head rather high," as the owl said to the giraffe when he poked his nose into the belfry.

FAT.

"What is the use of fat?" "It performs several offices. One is to round the system and complete the beauty of the person. Your cousin Jane's smooth neck owes its beauty to the skillful manner in which the adipose matter is packed into all the crevices between the muscles, veins and arteries. For Nature expends no small amount of labor in the production of beauty. 'Behold the lilies of the field, not Solomon, in all his glory, was arrayed like one of these.' Another use of the adipose matter is to serve as a reservoir of aliment for the support of the system. In the fever which I recently had, my stomach was in such a state that it could digest no food, and, by one of those beautiful adjustments so common in Nature, my appetite rejected it, and I did not eat a mouthful for several days. The consequence was, that the heat of the body had to be kept up by burning the fat in the system, and how rapidly this was consumed, I suppose I lost twenty pounds in the course of three days. Hibernating animals, that sleep through the winter, are generally as fat as they can be when they crawl into their nests in the fall. Their thick furs prevent the radiation of heat, so that little is required to be generated; their breathing and circulation are sluggish, causing a slow consumption of matter, and this matter is supplied by the store of fat in the system, which is slowly burned up during the winter, and the animals come out in the spring as lank as Pharoah's lean kine. If you put a piece of fat on the fire, you will see that it burns with a blaze. Whenever any organic substance burns with a blaze, you may be almost sure that it contains hydrogen. The burning of a substance is simply its combination of oxygen. Whenever an organic substance containing hydrogen is sufficiently heated, it is decomposed, and, as the hydrogen is separated from the other elements, it takes the gaseous form. Rising in this hot state, as it comes in contact with the oxygen in the air, it combines with it—in other words, burns; one atom of oxygen combining with one atom of hydrogen, and producing water. There is phosphorus in the bones, which, when separated, will burn with a flame, but almost invariably when you see any animal or vegetable substance burning with a blaze—the flame of a lamp, of a kitchen fire, of a burning building—it is hydrogen in the act of combining with oxygen, producing water. On the other hand, when you see any organic substance burning with a red heat without blaze, like charcoal or anthracite coal, it is carbon combining with oxygen, and producing, generally, carbonic acid. If the blaze produces a good deal of light, you may be pretty sure that the substance contains both carbon and hydrogen, the light coming principally from the intensely-heated carbon before it is burned."

GOD'S PLAN IN GEOGRAPHY.

The physical geographer now claims that the particular arrangement of seas, continents, mountains, and rivers which the earth has received, is the very best that could be given for the purposes to which the earth is destined. As the Divine wisdom is manifested in the order and adaptation of the parts of the human body, of animals, and of plants, so there is an object in the particular shape the continents have been made to assume—Everything works in harmony with a Divine plan, which we claim to be beginning to comprehend.

Change the position of Asia and Europe, and you would have ruin and death. Ireland, now always green, would have the climate of Labrador. Compare the British Isles, Norway and Sweden, with the corresponding latitudes upon our own coasts, and we see the dreadful consequences. Take away the Andes, which arrest the rain-clouds, and South America, that most wonderfully watered continent, would be a desert. Take away the Rocky Mountains, or change their direction to East and West, and we have our own fertile country ruined. Elevate our southern coast so as to change the direction of the Mississippi, and what mischief would ensue!

There is, literally, a face to nature, as there is a face to man. As we have our circulation of the blood, so there is the circulation of the earth's great heart of fire, the circulation of the waters, and the ventilation of the air. We have yet to consider these varied shades of nature in their relations to each other, and to man and animal life. But we are not to stop here. The physical geographer claims that the influences bearing upon the intellect of man can be explained by the peculiar arrangement of the earth's surface. We know that civilization has marched from East to West, from Asia to Europe, and even across the Atlantic to the New World, growing and expanding in its course. We can see what has been developed in Asia and in Europe, and may predict something for America.—*Prof. Doremus.*

I WOVE a girdle out of roses rare,
And tufts of grass, and lilies debonair,
Such as the June alone
From Mother Earth can win
Roses for her, I said,
Whose soul to love is wed,
And grass, in which I see
Her sweet humility,
And lilies that but type
Purity infinite,
And then I clasped the zone
Where never arm had been.
—*Knickerbocker.*

A MELANCHOLY CASE OF DISSIPATION.—The Boston Journal mentions the following sad instance of mental and social ruin, resulting from unrestrained dissipation:—

"Among the tenants of the lock up on Monday night was a man—a wreck of what he was before he became a prey to his perverted appetite—who, until within a few years, stood in the foremost rank of the medical profession, enjoying a lucrative practice in one of our suburban towns, surrounded by all the comforts which wealth and social position could give; yet, having yielded to a passion for drink, has in the space of eight years squandered a fortune of about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and descended to the lowest degree of degradation.

WASHINGTON RUMORS.

WASHINGTON, March 26.—The Charleston Courier of Friday says that Surgeon Fox, of the U. S. Navy, had arrived with orders from Washington, to visit and report in relation to the condition of Fort Sumter. He was permitted to visit Major Anderson, on condition of being accompanied by Captain Hartstein.

The Courier also reports the arrival of Mr. Holmes, formerly member of Congress from South Carolina. He says that before he left Washington, Mr. Seward desired him to say to the people of Charleston that he was for a peaceful settlement, and would do everything in his power for an amicable arrangement of affairs. Mr. Holmes also reports that Gen. Scott gave similar assurance, and that the President favors the policy, and that a majority of the Cabinet desire a withdrawal of the troops from Fort Pickens as well as Fort Sumter.

Other accounts say that the Cabinet is about equally divided between submission and coercion. A decision will soon have to be come to, as Lieut. Slemmer, at Fort Pickens, also will soon require to be provisioned and reinforced, and the Confederate troops, from different points at the South, are concentrating at Pensacola.

Texas accounts say that Governor Houston and the Secretary of State have retired from their offices and surrendered the archives. Governor Houston had issued an appeal to the people denouncing the State Convention. The Convention has passed a substitute for the Army bill, providing for the raising of only one mounted regiment.

It is generally believed at Charleston that Major Anderson will evacuate Fort Sumter on Wednesday next.

The Assistant Secretary of the Spanish Legation is a Breckinridge Democrat, but he has been chosen by Hon. Cassius M. Clay (who is his uncle), on account of his ability.

The Charleston Courier, of the 21st inst., states that the assertion that the term of service of twenty-six of the soldiers in Fort Sumter, will shortly expire, is a mistake.

Major Anderson was in daily expectation of receiving orders to evacuate the Fort. His supply of provisions and fuel was nearly exhausted, and, if not speedily relieved, he will soon be compelled to burn some of the gun carriages.

He is said to be in favor of giving up to the South Carolina authorities, after an examination by an authorized officer, and receiving a receipt for the public property.

Col. G. W. Lay, late special Aid and Military Secretary to General Scott, has called on Gov. Pickens, and had a long conference with the Governor and Gen. Beauregard.

There is no determination in Administration circles relative to an extra session of Congress; and on the other hand there is no doubt that an extra session has been determined upon.

THE EIGHT MILLION LOAN.—It was decided by the Secretary of the Treasury to-day, to advertise forthwith for the eight million loan—an amount which he thinks sufficient to carry on all the operations of the Government until the end of the fiscal year. The revenues and finances match at most encouraging improvement under the management of Gov. Chase. But it is now generally admitted that some decided policy must be adopted to neutralize the effects of the low tariff of the Southern Confederacy. The tariff will go into operation on the 1st of May. The Government will look to the subject in time, but as yet no line of conduct has been agreed upon.

MR. BURLINGAME'S CONFIRMATION.—The Southern Democrats in the Senate opposed the confirmation of Mr. Burlingame in his nomination for Minister to Austria, but Mr. Douglas endorsed him as a gallant gentleman, and the vote was thirty-two yeas to eight nays.

THE PACIFIC.—It is now certain that a deliberate plot exists to seize the public property and treasure in California and Oregon, with a view to the annexation of these States to the Southern Confederation. An eminent officer, it is to be feared, will but act as Gen. Twiggs has done, and officers of Southern birth have been led to believe that it is their duty to desert the "stars and stripes."

TEXAS TROOPS.—When the disaffection in the military division of Texas was first learned at the War Department, orders were sent there recalling all the troops. But those orders have since been countermanded, and reinforcements have been sent from New York, with abundant supplies of ammunition and provisions. An unlimited discretionary power has been entrusted to the officers sent to Texas with these reinforcements and supplies, as it may not be practicable for the United States troops to remain there. If possible, however, they will keep the frontier, check filibustering, and serve as a nucleus around which loyal citizens can rally.

Another account says that the vessels which recently left New York, sailed with sealed orders.

Readers will please take all of the above as mere Washington rumors, which may or may not prove to be facts.

BURNING OF THE WESTERN MAIL.—The Western mail for this city and Washington—about thirty bags in all—was burned up on the night of the 20th, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, east of Huntingdon. The St. Louis mail of the 19th inst, the Louisville mail of the 19th, the Cincinnati mail of the 20th, the Toledo mail of the 20th, and the Columbus and Pittsburg mails of the same dates were consumed. Besides the above, there were smaller mails from several towns. The pouches were for Harrisburg, for Philadelphia, and for Washington. The Harrisburg mail was in five bags, which were all saved without damage.

The baggage (also consumed) consisted of a large number of trunks, valises, carpet-bags, &c., belonging to about eighty passengers. Some of it had been checked through from points in the West, and the rest came mainly from Pittsburg.

It is impossible to form an estimate of the amount of money lost, though further details may be expected from the West in a day or two.

The Washington letters were in great part applications from the West for office, though the address and signatures were so nearly destroyed as to be illegible. They will be sent to the dead letter office.

Money letters were sometimes seen half consumed. In one case an eyelet containing twenty ten dollar bills and one five dollar bill was burned entirely in half, leaving the half of every note perfectly legible, while the rest was completely consumed. Of course there were love letters, and business letters, and duns, and newspapers—but they were all so burned as to be rendered as unintelligible as so much blank paper. The Dead Letter office will of course, be their destination.

Annexed is a list of mails destroyed by the fire:—Nashville, Tenn., March 18th; Louisville, Ky., March 19th, partly; Cincinnati, March 19th, P. M.; Columbus, March 20th; Chicago, March 19th P. M.; Milwaukee, March 19th; St. Louis, March 19th, A. M.; Pittsburg, March 20th, P. M.; Hollidaysburg, March 20th, P. M.; Altoona, March 20th, P. M.; Tyrone, March 20th, P. M.; Johnstown, March 20th, P. M.

It is rumored that no mail south of Nashville was on the train.

GRATITUDE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Poor old lady, set her aside.
Her children are grown, and her work is done;
True, in their service her locks turned gray,
Now shove her away, unsought, alone.

Give her a home for decency's sake,
In some back room, far out of the way,
Where her tremulous voice cannot be heard,
It might check your mirth when you would be gay.

Strive to forget how she toiled for you,
And cradled you oft on her loving breast,
Told you stories and joined your play,
Many an hour when she needed rest.

No matter for that, huddle her off,
Your friends might wince at her witty jest,
She is too "old fashioned," and speaks "so plain,"
Get her out of the way of the coming guest.

Once you valued her cheerful voice,
Her hearty laugh and her merry song;
But to "cars polite" they are quite too loud,
Her jokes too sharp, her tales too long.

So, poor old lady, hustle her off,
In her cheerless room let her sit alone,
She must not meet with your guests to-night,
For her work is done and her children grown.

A.

FAITHFUL WIVES.

MADAME LAVALETTE.

M. Lavalette lay under sentence of death for high treason at Paris, in 1815. His wife was in such miserable health, through her anxieties and terrors, and her efforts on his behalf, that she could hardly stand. She made this weakness available for M. Lavalette's escape. She went to the prison in a sedan chair, and was carried without stopping to a passage within the turnkey's department; and when she went home, she entered the chair at the same place. On the December day in 1815, which was to have been the last of her husband's life, she went to the prison at four in the afternoon, her daughter, eleven years old, walking beside the chair. The fashion of the time, in regard to head-dress, was favorable to disguise. We do not forget the remark made when the Duchesse d'Angulême entered the Tuileries, on the return of the Bourbons, and appeared there as the heroine of the most mournful story in all royal experience; the remark of the by standers was—"She wears the small bonnet!" the small bonnet being the English made, and the French a particularly large one. In such a large bonnet, and moreover with an ample veil, Madame Lavalette stepped out of the chair; and the turnkey supported her on one side, and her child on the other, upstairs and to the door of her husband's apartment. She dined with her husband; and in an hour and a half from her arrival, the turnkey was summoned to assist her to her chair. The veil was down; and no doubt the man was silent from compassion. It was an hour before any one entered the prisoner's room; and then the prisoner, wrapped in the well known cloak, appeared to be reading by the light of a candle on the table behind him. The gaoler spoke twice, and, receiving no answer, advanced into the room, and went to the front of the prisoner. Further concealment was impossible. Madame Lavalette looked up with a smile, saying, "He is gone," and immediately fell into convulsions. She had been full of dread of the treatment she should receive when discovered; and the solitary hour of watching and terror she had passed had been too much for an exhausted invalid. She rejoined her husband, however, beyond the frontiers of France, whence he had escaped by the agency of Sir Robert Wilson and Mr. Bruce, whose trials for the act (only half voluntary on their part, and an act of simple benevolence,) all elderly Englishmen remember.

There is no end to the true stories of the devotedness of wives of political prisoners, whether they could effect deliverance, like Madame Lavalette and Madame Kinkel, or could only mitigate, more or less, the sufferings of captivity. The sympathies of a whole generation were with the Countess Confalonieri, in her incessant struggles for her husband's release from the atrocious inflictions of the late Emperor of Austria; and when her reason gave way, and then her life, so that she had no enjoyment of his freedom at last, her fate was felt almost as a personal sorrow by more than one nation.

Madame Kinkel's health also gave way under the stress of terror and grief, inflicted by the late King of Prussia himself and his servants, in their passion of alarm and wrath at the events of 1848; but she lived a few happy years with her husband in his exile before the heart-disease which she had incurred in the struggle caused her death by a fall from a window, to which she had rushed for air in a spasm. Again and again she had been told that he had only one day to live, or that he had been shot that morning; and her persistence in moving heaven and earth on his behalf was met with intolerable insolence, indifference, or cruelty. The indignity to which M. Kinkel was subjected, of being made to spend his days in spinning wool, was at length converted into a retribution on his oppressors. The yarn he had spun during the day hung from his window at night, to fetch up the implements by which he effected his escape. I believe the method of escape has never been made known. All the gaolers knew was that the bird had flown, and then that he had joined his patient and constant mate; and again, that they had made a nest for themselves in a region where the liming and snaring of the best Birds of the wood is an unknown practice.

When we speak or hear of wives attending on their imprisoned husbands, all minds revert to the two wives whose interests were engaged on opposite sides during the great rebellion,—Mrs. Hutchinson and Lady Fanshawe. Lucy Hutchinson's life is as well known by her Memoirs of her husband, that her mere name and her husband's mention of her with his dying breath are enough.—"Let her," said he, "as she is above other women, show herself, on this occasion, a good Christian, and above the pitch of ordinary women." She was his friend and partner in all transactions in which she could share; his deputy when two offices had to be filled at once; and her superiority in judgment, knowledge, and ability was a subject of gentle and dignified exultation to him,—in striking contrast to the sense and experience of a great man at the very moment.

Milton has left us his testimony of the need that such men have of intellectual capacity and cultivation in a wife. Without it, he says, "there must come that unspeakable weariness and despair of all sociable delight which turn the blessed ordinance of God into 'a sore evil under the sun,' or at least to a familiar mischief, a drooping and disconsolate household,—captivity without refuge or redemption."

LADY FANSHAWE.

Lady Fanshawe candidly tells us how she went to work to be her husband's. Sir Richard Fanshawe's political comrade; or rather how she—a mere girl—was brought up by designing persons, to try to get at his secrets, when the fate of the Stuarts was trembling in the balance, and an indiscreet word from man or woman might possibly determine the fate of an empire. She tells us ingenuously and merrily how she pouted and sulked, and how her husband gaily and lovingly bore with her, and gave her time to recover her good sense; and then spoke a few wise and kind words of explanation of his duty to his prince which set her right for life. "So great was his reason and goodness," she writes, "that, upon consideration, it made my folly appear to me so vile, that, from that day, until the day of his death, I never thought fit to ask him any business but what he communicated freely to me, in order to his estate or family." About such things he did communicate freely from the day when they married upon twenty pounds, in the most private way at Oxford, where the king's servants began their training in hardship, to the last of their joint lives; and when they could no longer converse and consult in privacy, at home, they daringly talked in the open air from the window to the ground. Of course, this was in the dark, and when they could communicate in no other way. He was imprisoned at Whitehall; and she went there from Chancery Lane every morning before daybreak, with a dark lantern, on foot, alone, and in all weathers, slipped into the entry upon which her husband's window opened, carried him news, and received his directions. After the first time, when he did not expect her at four in the morning, he never failed to put out his head instantly, in answer to her soft call. Sometimes she was so wet with the rain that it went in at her neck and out at her heels, but that was no matter, if she could learn how best to make application to Cromwell on her husband's behalf—a thing which she did successfully, owing, as she told her children, to the Protector's great respect for their father.

She once showed an equal disregard of another kind of rain,—an iron shower from an enemy at sea. A Turkish galley menaced the vessel in which the Fanshawes were going to Spain; and the only chance of escape from slavery was by putting on a warlike appearance, and hiding all the women and the merchandise. So the ladies were locked into the cabin, whence indeed Lady Fanshawe had been too sick to move. Now, however, when her husband was in danger on deck, she never rested till she had brought a cabin-boy to the door, got him to open it, and possessed herself of his blue thrum cap and his tarred coat. She put half a crown in his hand, and he let her pass up to the deck, where she stole softly to her husband's side, "as free from sickness and fear," she tells her children, "as, I confess, from discretion." This time her husband had no rebuke ready for her indiscretion. Looking upon her he blessed himself, and snatched her up in his arms, saying, "Good God! that love can make this change!" He bethought himself at length of chiding her; but it was with a laughing and a glistening eye,—both then and ever after.

MRS. PATTON.

We have some of us heard a story lately—of a more solemn sweetness than this—a story as animating as it is mournful, of such a wife with her husband at sea. Each age has its own mode of disclosure of the moral greatness of the men and women of the time; and in this case, through the ways and circumstances of our century—of even the latter half of it—we see in Mrs. Patton the the mind and soul of the best wife of the noblest Crusader of twelve centuries ago.

One February day, four years since, the people who happened to be on the Battery at New York, saw that a sick person was being carried in a litter from a ship to the Battery Hotel. Beside the litter walked a young girl, as a careless passenger might have supposed; but others were struck by the strangeness of such youthfulness in one with so careworn a face. She was also obviously near her confinement. She was twenty, in fact, and had been married three years to the man in the litter. She had been brought up in gaiety and indulgence in a prosperous home in East Boston, and had married a gallant young sea captain. In the first days of the honeymoon, Captain Patton was offered the command of the Neptune's Car, a ship fitted out for the circumnavigation of the globe, and delayed by the illness of the commander. Captain Patton declined this great piece of professional advancement, on the ground that he could not leave his bride, for so long a time, at an hour's warning. He was told she might go with him; she was willing, and they were established on board within twelve hours from the first proposal being made.

They were absent a year and five months; and from the outset she made herself her husband's pupil, companion and helper, to his great delight. She studied navigation, and learned everything that he could teach her, and was soon habituated to take observations, steer by the chart, and keep the ship's reckoning. In August, 1856, they sailed again in their beloved vessel for California, making sure that the ship they were so proud of, and so familiar with, would beat two others which started at the same time. The race which ensued disclosed to Captain Patton the evil temper and designs of his first mate, who was evidently bent on defeating his purpose, and, for some unknown reason, on carrying the ship into Valparaiso. Before Cape Horn was reached, the captain was suffering from anxiety and vigilance. There it was necessary to depose the mate; and under the toil of supplying his place, Captain Patton's health gave way entirely. A fever was followed by congestion of the brain; but he had had time to put his wife in full possession of his purposes. The ship was by no means to go to Valparaiso; for the crew would desert, and the cargo be lost before the consignees could arrive. His honor and conscience were concerned, he said, in going to the right port. This settled everything in his wife's mind. The ship should go to her destined port, and no other.

Her husband became hopelessly delirious, and the mate seized the opportunity to assume authority. He wrote a letter to Mrs. Patton, warning her not to oppose him, and charging her with the responsibility of the fate of every man in the vessel, if she presumed to interfere. She replied that her husband had not trusted him while he was well; and she should not trust him now that her husband was ill. She assembled the crew, told them the facts, and appealed to them.—Would they accept her authority in her husband's place, disregard the first mate, and work the ship under the orders of the second? Every man of them agreed, and she had nothing to complain of from them. They did what they could to sustain her. They saw her at her studies, as they passed the cabin windows, and regarded her with reverence and pity,—a young wife, soon to be a mother, alone among men, with her husband to nurse and control, the crew to command, and their lives to preserve by her learning and professional skill! There she sat at her desk by lamplight,—now studying medical books which could instruct her on her husband's case; now keeping the reckoning, and making entries in the log. At noon and at midnight she was on deck, taking an observation. She marked the charts, made no mistakes, and carried the ship into port in fine condition on the 13th of November.

Captain Patton was a Freemason; and the Freemasons at San Francisco were kind, sending them back to New York by the first ship that could take them. They arrived wholly destitute,—the husband, blind, deaf, delirious, dying;—the wife grave and composed, but bent upon reaching Boston before her confinement. This aim she could not accomplish: her husband was too ill to be removed, and her child was born in a strange place. The New York underwriters immediately sent her one thousand dollars as a gift; and the owners of the vessel and cargo at once took steps to testify their sense of her conduct. Under singular extremity, she had considered the interests of the crew, and saved a vast amount of property to the owners; and the valor and conscientiousness of this lonely young creature were thoroughly appreciated. The truth was, it was to her husband that she devoted herself. She wrought out his purpose, and saved his honor.

From the verge of his grave she disappears from sight. We may never hear of her again; but we scarcely need to know more. What could we ask further, after being presented with the true image of a perfect wife, heroic in proportion to the extremity of her trial? I, for one, am thankful to know that a Mary Patton has shown the full glory and beauty of wifehood in our day! IXOLEBY SCOTT.

KEEP THE HEART YOUNG.

Keep the heart young—never mind a gray hair—
Keep the heart young, and you'll never despair;
Hopeful and glad, let the old frame decay—
Who cares for the shell when the jewel's away?

Keep the heart young with full trust in God's might
To anchor you safely, but follow the right;
Keep the heart young and be merry and gay,
Give care to the winds and be jolly alway.

Keep the heart young, and be tender and true,
As loving to others as they are to you;
Keep the heart young, and don't fly in a rage,
If any one mentions your mellow old age.

Keep the heart young and let old Time appear,
He'll glide on so gently, you'll scarce feel him near;
A friend—and no foe—bringing peace and delight;
But keep the heart young, and you'll always be right.

TRUE AND FALSE WORKMEN.

In every variety of human employment, in the mechanical and in the fine arts, in navigation, in farming, in legislating, there are among the numbers who do their task perfunctorily, as we say, or just to pass, and as badly as they dare,—there are the working-men, on whom the burden of the business falls,—those who love work, and love to see it rightly done, who finish their task for its own sake; and the state and the world is happy that has the most of such finishers.—The world will always do justice at last to such finishers; it cannot otherwise. He who has acquired the ability, may wait securely the occasion of making it felt and appreciated, and know that it will not loiter.—*Emerson.*

☞ He's a fool that grumbles at every little mischance. Put the best foot forward, is an old and good maxim. Don't run about and tell acquaintances that you have been unfortunate; people do not like to have unfortunate men for acquaintances.

THE TRUE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF MORAL DISCIPLINE.

FROM "EDUCATION," BY HERBERT SPENCER.

THE METHOD OF NATURE.—When a child falls, or runs its head against the table, it suffers a pain, the remembrance of which tends to make it more careful for the future; and by an occasional repetition of like experiences, it is eventually disciplined into a proper guidance of its movements. If it lays hold of the fire bars, thrusts its finger into the candle-flame, or spills boiling water on any part of its skin, the resulting burn or scald is a lesson not easily forgotten. So deep an impression is produced by one or two such events, that afterwards no persuasion will induce it again to disregard the laws of its constitution in these ways.

Now in these and like cases, Nature illustrates to us in the simplest way, the true theory and practice of moral discipline—a theory and practice which, however much they may seem to the superficial like those commonly received, we shall find on examination to differ from them very widely.

Observe, in the first place, that in bodily injuries and their penalties we have misconduct and its consequences reduced to their simplest forms. Though, according to their popular acceptations, *right* and *wrong* are words scarce applicable to actions that have none but direct bodily effects; yet whoever considers the matter will see that such actions must be as much classifiable under these heads as any other actions. From whatever basis they start, all theories of morality agree in considering that conduct whose total results, immediate and remote, are beneficial, is good conduct; while conduct whose total results, immediate and remote, are injurious, is bad conduct. The happiness or misery caused by it are the *ultimate* standards by which all men judge of behavior. We consider drunkenness wrong because of the physical degeneracy and accompanying moral evils entailed on the transgressor and his dependents. Did theft uniformly give pleasure both to taker and loser we should not find it in our catalogue of sins. Were it conceivable that benevolent actions multiplied human pains, we should condemn them—should not consider them benevolent. It needs but to read the first newspaper leader, or listen to any conversation touching social affairs, to see that acts of parliament, political movements, philanthropic agitations, in common with the doings of individuals, are judged by their anticipated results in multiplying the pleasures or pains of men. And if on looking on all secondary superinduced ideas, we find these to be our ultimate tests of right and wrong, we cannot refuse to class purely physical actions as right or wrong according to the beneficial or detrimental results they produce.

Note, in the second place, the character of the punishments by which these physical transgressions are prevented. Punishments, we call them, in the absence of a better word; for they are not punishments in the literal sense. They are not artificial and unnecessary inflictions of pain; but are simply the beneficent checks to actions that are essentially at variance with bodily welfare—checks in the absence of which life would quickly be destroyed by bodily injuries. It is the peculiarity of these penalties, if we must so call them, that they are nothing more than the *unavoidable consequences* of the deeds which they follow: they are nothing more than the *inevitable reactions* entailed by the child's actions.

Let it be further borne in mind that these painful reactions are proportionate to the degree in which the organic laws have been transgressed. A slight accident brings a slight pain, a more serious one, a greater pain. When a child tumbles over the door-step, it is not ordained that it shall suffer in excess of the amount necessary, with the view of making it still more cautious than the necessary suffering will make it. But from its daily experience it is left to learn the greater or less penalties of greater or less errors; and to behave accordingly.

And then mark, lastly, that these natural reactions which follow the child's wrong actions, are constant, direct, unhesitating, and not to be escaped. No threats: but a silent, figurous performance. If a child runs a pin into its finger, pain follows. If it does it again, there is again the same result: and so on perpetually. In all its dealings with surrounding inorganic nature it finds this unswerving persistence, which listens to no excuse, and from which there is no appeal: and very soon recognizing this stern though beneficient discipline, it becomes extremely careful not to transgress.

Still more significant will these general truths appear, when we remember that they hold throughout adult life as well as throughout infantine life. It is by an experimentally-gained knowledge of the natural consequences, that men and women are checked when they go wrong. After home education has ceased, and when there are no longer parents and teachers to forbid this or that kind of conduct, there comes into play a discipline like that by which the young child is taught its first lessons in self-guidance. If the youth entering upon the business of life idles away his time and fulfills slowly or unskillfully the duties entrusted to him, there by-and-bye follows the natural penalty: he is discharged, and left to suffer for awhile the evils of relative poverty. On the unpunctual man, failing alike his appointments of business and pleasure, there continually fall the consequent inconveniences, losses, and deprivations. The avaricious tradesman who charges too high a rate of profit, loses his customers, and so is checked in his greediness. Diminishing practice teaches the inattentive doctor to bestow more trouble on his patients. The too credulous creditor and the over-sanguine speculator alike learn by the difficulties which rashness entails on them, the necessity of being more cautious in their engagements. And so throughout the life of every citizen. In the quotation so often made *apropos* of these cases—"The burnt child dreads the fire"—we see not only that the analogy between this social discipline and Nature's early discipline of infants is universally recognized; but we also see an implied conviction that this discipline is of the most efficient kind. Nay more, this conviction is not only implied, but distinctly stated. Every one has heard others confess that only by "dearly bought experience" had they been induced to give up some bad or foolish course of conduct formerly pursued. Every one has heard, in the criticisms passed on the doings of this spendthrift or the other speculator, the remark that advice was useless, and that nothing but "bitter experience" would produce any effect: nothing, that is, but suffering the unavoidable consequences. And if further proof be needed that the penalty of the natural reaction is not only the most efficient, but that no humanly-devised penalty can replace it, we have such further proof in the notorious ill-success of our various penal systems. Out of the many methods of criminal discipline that have been proposed and legally enforced, none have answered the expectations of their advocates. Not only have artificial punishments failed to produce reformation, but they have in many cases increased the criminality. The only successful reformatories are those privately-established ones which have approximated their *regime* to the method of Nature—which have done little more than administer the natural consequences of criminal conduct: the natural consequences being, that by imprisonment or other restraint, the criminal shall have his liberty of action diminished as much as is needful for the safety of society; and that he shall be made to maintain himself while living under this restraint. Thus we see not only that the discipline by which the young child is so successfully taught to regulate its movements is also the discipline by which the great mass of adults are kept in order, and more or less improved; but that the discipline humanly-devised for the worst adults, fails when it diverges from this divinely-ordained discipline, and begins to succeed when it approximates to it.

BOTH SIDES.

A man in his carriage was riding along,
A gaily dressed wife by his side!
In satin and laces she looked like a queen,
And he like a king in his pride.

A wood-sawyer stood on the street as they passed,
The carriage and couple he eyed,
And said, as he worked with his saw on a log,
"I wish I was rich and could ride."

The man in the carriage remarked to his wife—
"One thing I would give if I could—
I would give all my wealth for the strength and the health
Of the man who is sawing the wood."

THE PENMANSHIP OF ENGLISH STATESMEN.

We are bound to add that the present race of statesmen are, on the whole, distinguished by excellent penmanship. Lord Derby's handwriting is beautiful—equally elegant and legible. Lord Stanley's is as legible as large pica, but certainly not elegant. Lord Palmerston's is free, pleasant, and by no means obscure. The Duke of Newcastle writes an excellent hand—long, well-formed letters, and very distinct. Lord John Russell's penmanship is not unlike the Colonial Minister's, but on a smaller scale. Other instances might be cited, but it is more to the purport of the present paper to say that the East India Company, nearly all through the present century, have been remarkably fortunate in the caligraphy of their chief servant, the Governor-General, who has set an example of penmanship to the whole class of writers which ought not to have been thrown away. Lord Wellesley's handwriting is, perhaps, the best that we have ever seen. Sir George Barlow's was little inferior. Lord Minto wrote a remarkably firm, solid, legible hand. Lord Hastings and Lord Amherst were somewhat stately in their penmanship, but every letter was as clear as type. Lord William Bentrick ran his letters, and sometimes his words, a little too much into each other, but he wrote a good flowing hand that was rarely otherwise than legible. Lord Auckland's writing was peculiarly legible and distinct—the very reverse of his successor's, Lord Ellenborough's, which was pretty and lady-like, and not distinct; but he was always one of the Honorable Company's naughty boys. Lord Dalhousie wrote a beautiful hand—flowing and elegant, but very distinct; and the present Governor-General, Lord Canning, need not blush to see his handwriting placed beside that of any of his contemporaries.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

GRUMBLERS.

I find the gayest castles in the air that were ever piled, far better for comfort and for use, than the dungeons in the air that are daily dug and caverned out by grumbling discontented people. I know those miserable fellows, and I hate them, who see a black star always riding through the light and colored clouds in the sky overhead; waves of light pass over and hide it for a moment, but the black star keeps fast in the zenith. But power dwells with cheerfulness; hope puts us in a working mood, whilst despair is no muse, and untunes the active powers. A man should make life and Nature happier to us, or he had better never been born. When the political economist reckons up the unproductive classes, he should put at the head this class of pitiers of themselves, cravers of sympathy, bewailing imaginary disasters.—An old French verse runs, in my translation:—

Some of your griefs you have cured,
And the sharpest you still have survived;
But what torments of pain you endured
From evils that never arrived!

—*Emerson.*

☞ A blind man in Ireland, who is as poor as he he is sightless, recently buried his fourth wife. He was, at last accounts, courting a widow.

A BACHELOR'S REVERIES.

At thirty, looked backed through a vista of ten years; remembered that at twenty I looked upon a man of thirty as a middle-aged man; wondered at my error, and protracted the middle-aged to forty. Said to myself, "Forty is the age of wisdom." Reflected generally upon past life; wished myself twenty again, and exclaimed, "If I were but twenty, what a scholar I would be by thirty! but it is too late now." Looked in the glass; still youthful, but getting rather fat. Young says, "A fool at forty is a fool indeed;" forty, therefore, must be the age of wisdom. At thirty-seven, fell in love again; rather pleased to find myself not too old for that passion; Emma only nineteen; what then? women require protectors; day settled; too late to get off; luckily jilted; Emma married George Parker one day before me; again determined never to marry; turned off old tailor, and took to new one in Bond street; some of these fellows make a man look ten years younger—not that that was the reason. At forty, looked back ten years: remembered at thirty thinking forty a middle-aged man; must have meant fifty: fifty certainly the age of wisdom; determined to be wise in ten years; wished to learn music and Italian; tried Logier; it would not do; no defect of capacity, but those things should be learnt in childhood. At forty-six, rather on the decline, but still handsome and interesting; all of them talk too much or too little; began to call chambermaids of inns "My dear;" thought money expended on Waterloo-bridge might have been better employed; listened to a howl from Captain Querulous about family expenses; price of bread and butcher's meat; did not care a jot if bread was a shilling a roll, and butcher's meat fifty pounds a calf; hugged myself in "single blessedness," and wished him good-morning. At fifty, the age of wisdom, married my housekeeper.

WEALTH.

Wealth is in applications of mind to nature; and the art of getting rich consists not in industry, much less in saving, but in a better order, in timeliness, in being at the right spot. One man has stronger arms, or longer legs; another sees by the course of streams, and growth of markets, where land will be wanted, makes a clearing to the river, goes to sleep, and wakes up rich. Steam is no stronger now than it was a hundred years ago; but it is put to better use. A clever fellow was acquainted with the expansive force of steam; he also saw the wealth of wheat and grass rotting in Michigan. Then he cunningly screws on the steam-pipe to the wheat-crop. Puff, now, oh, Steam! The steam puffs and expands as before, but this time it is dragging all Michigan at its back to hungry New York and hungry England. Coal lay in ledges under the ground since the Flood, until a laborer with pick and windlass brings it to the surface. We may well call it black diamonds. Every basket is power and civilization. For coal is a portable climate. It carries the heat of the tropics to Labrador and the polar circle; and it is the means of transporting itself whithersoever it is wanted. Watt and Stephenson whispered in the ear of mankind their secret, that a *half-ounce of coal will draw two tons a mile*, and coal carries coal, by rail and by boat, to make Canada as warm as Calcutta, and with its comfort brings its industrial power.—*Emerson.*

WRESTLING FOR A WIFE.—A romantic story is told of M. Duranton, a gentleman engaged by England and France to travel through Africa. It is reported that he departed from St. Louis, accompanied by armed slaves, and with a large quantity of goods; and that, having arrived at Timbuctoo, he stopped at the location of a very wealthy tribe, where he fell in love with the daughter of the chief. The father, looking upon the alliance as a very great honor, gladly accepted the proposal of marriage. The only condition imposed on the enamored candidate for the hand of the *fair* one was that he should, as in the days of ancient chivalry, enter the lists with any other candidate, and conquer him in a friendly wrestling match. To this our stalwart European at once consented, and soon carried off the prize, being victorious in the contest. As his father-in-law was the paramount chief or sovereign of this extensive and wealthy tribe, he, as his son-in-law, now became eligible for election to the throne, provided he triumphed in the great national contest of wrestling with any other claimant to the same exalted position. In this second encounter, also, his prowess was victorious, and, without further opposition, he ascended the throne.—*Six Years of a Traveller's Life in Western Africa.*

A TRUE NOBLEMAN.—In the Swedish war of the seventeenth century, a burgher of Flensburg, was about to refresh himself with a draught of beer from a small wooden bottle, when a wounded Swede, fixing his longing eyes upon the beverage, exclaimed: "I am thirsty; give me to drink." Now the burgher was a kind man, and replying: "Thy need is greater than mine," he knelt down by the man to give him the liquor. Then the treacherous Swede fired a pistol at him, wounding him in the shoulder. Thereupon, the burgher started up indignantly, as he well might do, and cried out: "Rascal! I would have befriended you, and you would shoot me in return. You shall now only have half the bottle instead of all of it." When the news came to the King of Denmark, he exclaimed, "A man who can do this thing deserves to be a noble;" and he created him one, and gave him for his arms a wooden beer-bottle pierced through with an arrow; which was borne, until quite lately, by his latest descendant. This was surely a sort of heraldry above the common, and a very different kind of cognizance from that which Cobbett justly stigmatised as "a couple of jackasses fighting for a piece of gilt gingerbread."

☞ A good cause is more injured by a weak defence than by a strong attack.

UNDER THE PORCH.

BY A. M.

She sits in the sunshine under the porch,
Under the porch when the sun is low;
And over her forehead and over her hair
The clematis-shadows come and go.

Tracery meet for a face like hers!
For faces like hers you may often see
In the rich arabesques of a bridal book,
Looking out through a golden filagree.

And have you not noticed the tints that move,
Move and barn on the white stone floor,
When the sunset comes in a ruby blaze
Through the oriel over the old church door?

Just so sweet is her silent face—
Silent ever and pale as snow—
When thoughts enrich it, and blushes glide
Over her cheek, when the sun is low.

She sits with her knitting spread over her knee
Over her kirtle and over her barm;
And thinks, perhaps, as her fingers fly,
Of a lazy white hand and a pearly arm.

For hers are ruddy, and not so soft—
Nothing so soft as a wife's would be
Who fondled her rings and who folded her palms,
And never did aught for herself or me.

Ah, she may long for a lady's hand—
A hand that freezes you whilst it yields;
But I knew better the day we met
In the lane that leads to the harvest fields.

What was it I whispered her under the thorn,
Under the black thorn beside the well?
None may know; but the breeze that heard,
And the throstles that sang to us,—they can tell!

And what was it she said with her eyes that day—
Two blue eyes, and a brow above
All curtained in from the peering light
Till nothing beheld them but I—and Love?

So at last through the shadows we turned away,
Turned and lingered across the farm;
And it was not a stool nor a milking pail
Whereon she rested her rosy arm.

Slowly I felt for her hand and found
All her bonny brown hand in mine,
Thrilling it through, as a cold white vase
Flushes and warms with its core of wine.

I said, "Beloved, if this was all—
All that frightened you then from me;
'Twas, oh, how silly! to think and say
Working and loving could never agree!

"Has not your spirit its own sweet calm,
Calm and pure as a lady knows?
Are you not filled with a woman's heart,
Blithe in summer and braced in snows?

"Love not your eyes to gaze and dream,
Gaze and glisten at eve and morn;
Watching all over the fragrant earth,
New surprises of beauty born?

"Ah, what maundering words are these!
Words you know not, but things you feel;
And all you know not, and all you know,
Rings down in my heart to a marriage peal.

"So leave your silly brown hand in mine,
Mine, that gathered it—you know where;
Mine, that set it to seek and find
Nobler food than a farmer's fare.

"And partlet is gone to her roost, so come—
Come from the breath of the sleeping kine,
From spotless ingle and shining floor,
And chambers smelling of eglantine;

"Come down, with music between your lips—
Pastoral music, soft and slow;
And then, beloved, sit down by me
Under the porch, while the moon is low."

THE RULING PASSION.

OR, STRUGGLE AND TRIUMPH.

BY EDWINA BURBURY,
AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE SACKVILLE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

Ah, me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.
—*Shakspeare.*

Who falls from all they know of bliss,
Recks little into what abyss.—*Byron.*

The Duke of Carlisle's parting glance dismayed Ada, who, turning to her niece when all beside were gone, said half inquiringly,

"You have had a successful evening, darling."

"Have I? Then I am very ungrateful, I fear, aunt; for I really think that these great parties are most wearisome things."

"Ah! you are tired?"

"Indeed I am. I do not wonder that fashionable ladies grow old so soon."

"Do you think they do?"

"Oh, yes; even to-night I observed that many, very many, of your most brilliant guests wore false teeth, false hair, and some even paint! What does that mean, but that they are getting old?"

"Well—well! perhaps you are right. I cannot defend the life, or its votaries. But if the women are unsatisfactory and false, what do you think of the men?"

"I am not sure; at present, I like them even less. They are so—what shall I say?—self-satisfied, unchivalrous, unmanly!"

"Not all, surely? Some of the cleverest, most renowned men of the day were here."

"Then I wish I had seen them. But the Duke of Carlisle talked so incessantly after you left the conservatory, that I could not get away until the rooms began to thin; and then, I suppose, all the celebrities were gone."

"Most likely. But the Duke himself—how did you like him?"

"Not very much; he is so absurdly complimentary, poor old gentleman!"

Mrs. Stanhope laughed—not very heartily, though.

"What amuses you, aunt?"

"Only your simplicity—the way in which you speak of the best matrimonial prize of the day. Don't you know that one-half the girls in London would have given the best thing they possess on earth to have been in your place?"

"Indeed! And why?" said Beatrice, with a puzzled glance.

"Nay, nay, Beatrice; that is too simple. You cannot be as simple as you would have me think. Why, even Adele is not insensible to' the charms of strawberry leaves:"—thus alluding to the device on the ducal coronet.

"Of what—what's that? I hear somebody taking liberties with my name," cried a little lady, springing from a couch on which she had thrown herself; and darting across the room to Mrs. Stanhope, at whose knee she sank like a drift of down. "What are you talking about, mamma? Take me into the council."

"No, no; it's too late for councils now. You ought to be having your beauty sleep."

"As if I needed it! Well, really! any one would suppose I was a fright and a child, Beauty sleep, indeed! Not I. I mean to be up and doing, as well as Beatrice, though she is such a tall thing!" And bounding from her position on the floor, she placed herself beside her cousin, and raising herself to her full height, looked up to the head above her with a comic glance of awe, then shuddered, made a grimace, and retreated to her old place on the sofa, saying, wearily, "How my neck aches looking up there! But what were you all saying about the party to-night? Wasn't it a good one?"

"I think so. Don't you?"

"Yes, delicious. But Beatrice doesn't, does she? What was the matter with it, madam?—didn't you make a conquest?"

"Suppose I were to answer for her,—'Yes?'"

"Never!"—and she leaped up again, clapping her tiny hands gently. "Oh, that is charming! And of whom?"

"Guess."

"Oh, I can't—I can't! Tell me! Don't keep me on pins and needles!"

"No, no; you must guess."

"I never shall. But let me see; there was that tall giant of a man who frightened me so at supper—Lord Hal—Halcombe—was it he?"

"No."

"Who then? Do tell me; I know I shall never guess. Besides, I never saw her with any one except—Ah! I have it now! The Duke of Carlisle?"

Mrs. Stanhope nodded.

"Is it? Bravo! I am so glad! Beatrice, you are an angel—a celestial being of the very highest order!"

"Why?"

"Listen to her innocence! Why? Why, for securing that prize of all prizes, and making me cousin to a Duchess."

"My dear child, how you do jump at conclusions! The Duke is old enough to be my grandfather!"

"Well, he is all the better for that—he will have plenty of sense; and he is such a dear creature, I am sure he will let you have all your own way!"

"If you think so, and have such a high opinion of him, why do you not take him yourself?"

"*I!*—dear angels!—*I!* You take my breath away! What should I do with a great, grand man like him? I am not half wise enough—not a bit fit for a Duchess; but you—you are the very thing itself! Oh, you dear, clever, good girl!" And the mercurial little belle whirled round and round to the most original waltz tune ever heard, which she hummed until out of breath, and sunk down again like a tired bird, while Beatrice cried, laughing—"What a whiz-gig you are, Addy! A stranger would think you were half-wild to-night."

"So I am, with joy! Oh, dear, dear! I never can be thankful enough for 'my cousin, the Duchess!'"

"Wait till you get her. There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

"Not in such cases as these, when each party concerned is as wise as you two are. Oh, if I had but waited until now to be presented, think what an announcement for the *Post*—' Miss Adela Stanhope, by her cousin, the Duchess of Carlisle.' The very thought of what I have lost distracts me!"

"It need not, Addy," said Beatrice, with a sad smile; "for I shall never marry."

"Fiddle de, diddle de, diddle de dee!"

"I am in earnest."

"To be an old maid? Yes, just exactly as much as I am, dear cousin, the Duchess!"

"What nonsense you children are talking!" interposed Mrs. Stanhope. "It is quite time your giddy little heads were at rest on your pillows. Good-night, and go to sleep; or we shall be having Beatrice commence the preparations for growing old rather too soon."

"Yes, yes; we will go, and dream sweet blissful dreams of orange flowers, and ducal ermine, grandpapas in new characters, and blushing brides in black hair and white crape. By-the-bye, does his Grace breakfast with us to-morrow?"

"Do, do be silent, Addy, or you will vex me! The Duke is nothing to me, or I to him, and never shall be; and it is really too bad conjuring up all this out of one evening's most irksome conversation."

"Well, we shall see—we shall see! My fan to your bouquet, he sees you to-morrow, somewhere."

And she was right.

No sooner had the minister's carriage entered the park the next afternoon, than the Duke's well-known gray charger might have been seen emerging from the crowd of equestrians in the Row and cantering up to it.

At first, Beatrice, entirely occupied with admiring the gay scene around her, did not observe Carlisle's approach; but an arch glance from Adela, who sat opposite, directed her eyes towards him; and recognizing his figure at once, she sank back in the corner where she sat, full of annoyance and dismay.

The next day, and the next, found his Grace in close attendance upon the Stanhopes; but well, even pleasantly as he talked, he could not succeed in interesting Beatrice, or winning from her more than the simplest replies; for although provoked by Adela's raillery, especially since she could not deny its truth, the poor girl sought to end it by treating her admirer with the utmost coolness.

"It is your own fault, Duke," said Ada to him a few days after, when boiling over with wrath, he complained to her of the treatment he received. "You are too eager, too anxious, and betray it to plainly."

"I can't help it."

"Then I am sorry for you."

"Why?—in the name of all the fiends, why?"

"Because if your heart is really set upon it, you are defeating your own object. You are almost persecuting the girl; and instead of gaining, losing ground."

"I must see her."

"Very well; but surely it need not be every day, nor can it be necessary that you should persist in talking to her and her alone."

"I do not."

"Pardon me, you do; and it will not answer. Beatrice is no more likely to fall in love with you than with the Grand Turk."

"Pray, why not? Is she so very much more fastidious than her aunt?"

"Again! Another word like that, and our compact is broken. If, goaded to madness by your unmanly tyranny, I have consented to aid your wishes, at least the sacrifice should be repaid by freedom from insult."

"Well, well, don't be so touchy. I have no desire to annoy you, even with the truth, while you are faithfully to my interests; although I am half mad at the ill success of my efforts to gain your niece's favor, and feel that you ought to help me more than you do. You are a woman—have had no little experience in these things;—tell me how to win this girl."

"By seeming less anxious to do so. Be courteous to her, but not exclusive. Talk to others more, to her less. Do not defer so openly to her opinions and fancies; and, above all, do not bring down upon her—at least, at present—the remarks and congratulations of the world, which, to ears as sensitive as hers, will sound more like sneers than good wishes."

"Sneers?"

"Yes. It is the fashion to speak truth, and I must follow it. You are not so young as half the men in town who will seek Beatrice's hand *and money*, and they will tell her so; or, if not they, the women of their families, who will owe her double spite for defrauding their sons or brothers of her fortune, and for securing you."

"Ha! ha! ha! You read the world pretty shrewdly, Ada. If your niece is half so wise, we shall make a model pair; for I have come to the same conclusion as yourself, and have not the slightest expectation that she will fall in love with me; only, I expect that as she really is a sensible girl, she will be duly sensible of the beauty of a coronet, an old name, and the best-appointed house in town. And if she is, I shall be content to let her go her own way."

"Provided that way is yours?"

"Of course. There are certain bounds which no woman must mass—*shall pass*"—and his cold eyes flashed—"who belongs to me! A word, a look, a breath on my wife's fame, and, old as I may be, she shall rue it her whole life long, and the slanderer wash out the stain with his blood! But"—and observing the startled look of his companion, he recovered himself with a laugh—"this is nonsense. I have no wife yet, nor none am like to have, if things go on thus. What am I to do?"

"As I have already told you. And as a first step towards practicing my advice, dine with us to-morrow; devote yourself to some body else, and talk your best. Beatrice is a clever girl, and can appreciate it. Once relieve her from the pressure of your attentions, and she will be at leisure to see them valued by others—will then court and—"

"I see—I see! Duncan Grey, to wit,

"'She grew hot as he grew cold—
Ha! ha! the wooing o't!'

Thanks! thanks! I'll follow your advice. Adieu, then, till to-morrow!"

* * * * * * * * *

One week, and then another, passed by, the saddest and weariest poor Beatrice had ever spent; for besides the heart-sickness caused by George's continued silence, which, in spite of herself, the orphan still hoped would be broken, and his conduct explained, the Duke of Carlisle came daily to Mr. Stanhope's; and notwithstanding the restraint he put upon his manner, it was quite evident what was the attraction.

Not that Beatrice really disliked his Grace, for whatever he might be to others, to her he was scrupulously courteous and gentle, and profiting by her aunt's hints, took care never to weary her with compliments and attentions; but when tormented by Adela's badinage, her thoughts glanced towards him as a husband, and contrasted him with one who, however erring, she still loved deeply, her very soul recoiled from the idea.

But still as, day after day, first on one pretence, then on another, Carlisle found his way to the Minister's house, and little by little, Mrs. Stanhope, by her judicious silence, and Adela by her raillery, conspired to raise a feeling of familiarity between him and Beatrice, a certain feeling of respect sprang up in the girl's mind, which, in time, under skillful management, and if no such person as George Conyers had been in existence, might have ripened into something warmer.

As it was, however, the image of the young barrister came perpetually between the heiress and every other man; and as an inevitable consequence, the Duke made no progress in his suit.

Matters were in this very unsatisfactory state, when one morning the Duke's confidential agent waited upon him to present a statement of accounts that might well have dismayed a brave man.

With the look and manner of one who had already considered the subject over and over again in all its bearings, and saw but one way, and that an almost unattainable one, of getting out of it, the peer listened to the long and intricate detail of his involvements, the hopeless nature of which he knew but too well.

"Your Grace will see," said the lawyer at last, provoked by his client's silence, "that nothing more can be done. Every acre of land is encumbered as heavily as it will bear; and from no imaginable source, that I can see, is the money to be got to pay off these enormous claims; while, if the interest on the mortgages, now so desperately in arrear, is not paid, the estates will be forced into the market, sold at a dreadful sacrifice, and nothing be left to keep up the title, but the entailed property."

"I am perfectly aware of it."

"Then what—Pray excuse me, my lord—but what is to be done?"

"I really can't tell. That's your business."

"Yes, to get money when there is anything to get it on, but when there is not—"

"Awkward, certainly. Put off these fellows!"

"I have done so ever since I had the honor of your Grace's confidence."

"So you have. Well, I must sell my coronet then, if there's nothing else to sell. That ought to bring a good price—eh, Morton?"

"Your Grace thinks of marrying?"

"I don't see what else I am to do. The remedy is not pleasant, but it seems there is no other."

"None that I am able to suggest."

"Very well. It saves trouble to know the worst. I hate being bothered with alternatives. Now, therefore, if you have said all you wish to say, I will wish you good-morning. I have an appointment in half an hour, and can do no good worrying myself over those papers. Good-morning!"

And thus bowed out, the lawyer withdrew, while his principal leisurely mounted the gray which was being led about below; and dismissing his groom, rode off in the direction of Kilburn, among the green lanes of which, he could meditate and resolve upon the step he desired to take.

The evening before he had had a long conversation with Mrs. Stanhope, and had left her house fully determined to propose at once to Beatrice, for men were hovering round her whom he felt to be dangerous; but a remark of Lord Halcombe's, to whom he had mentioned his resolution, still rang in his ears, and disturbed him greatly.

"Think well before you do it, Carlisle," the Viscount had said. "Miss Lyle is a beautiful woman, and all such, love, and are *loved*, before marriage or after. Do you think you can make her love you?"

"Why not?"

"Because it is not natural, scarcely possible that a young girl in the first flush of youth and loveliness, with suitors of her own age, and of rank sufficient to gratify her ambition, should voluntarily reject them to choose a husband old enough—pardon my plain speaking—to be her father. Disappointment, coercion, may make her marry him, but cannot make her love him."

"It's well all men do not think like you."

"It would be better if they did. To my mind, marriage is the last thing on earth that should be made a matter of barter. Therefore, I say again, take care! You are bent upon a dangerous experiment. If it fails, how will you bear it? Remember how often, in past days, you have ridiculed men who have done as you desire to do now; and have said it was monstrous, absurd—a very sinning against heaven!"

"I was a fool!"

"Take care you are not one, and so make the past the present tense."

"Bah! I'll take care: the woman does not live who dares wrong me, and for the rest I must take my chance. Now, good-bye; I must go and congratulate Grisi on that last song."

But although his Grace thus got rid of his mentor, he could not so easily get rid of his words.

They haunted him, and might have preserved him from cruelties which will leave a blot upon his name so long as it lives in men's memories—and Beatrice from years of misery and insult—had not a messenger met him as he re-entered London, with a note from Mr. Morton, saying that Messrs. Cathcart and Benson, the great jewellers, to whom his Grace was enormously indebted, had instructed their lawyer to put an execution into Carlisle House for their claim, unless it was paid or secured within a week.

With an angry oath, muttered between his teeth, the Duke tore the note to atoms, scattered it to the winds, and rode on.

"Needs must when the devil drives!" said he, at last. "There's no help for it now—I must have her!"

Meantime, as if the very Fates themselves had conspired against the hapless object of all these thoughts and scheming, and doomed this day to be the fatal turning-point in Beatrice's life—she, too, received a letter, which, had it been delayed but twelve hours longer, would have changed the whole color of her destiny.

But it was not to be.

The existence which had dawned so brightly, was fated to pass its meridian at least in storm, the shadow of which was even now gathering in the horizon.

It was a lovely summer day, and Beatrice, lighter of heart than she had been for weeks, was sitting beside the open window of her cousin's boudoir, embroidering, when the little lady herself danced in, her hands clasped behind her, exclaiming,

"Guess what I have in my hand?"

"Nothing worth having, I'm sure!"

"Ah, but it is! You would give all the embroidery you ever did in your life for it."

"I don't think I should, for I value my stitchery at a very high rate, I assure you, Queen Mab."

"Don't call names, and don't look so horridly unconcerned; you know I can't bear it. But guess something. If I had been you, I should have guessed half the things on the earth, and under the earth, by this time."

"I dare say; but poor human wits cannot emulate a fairy's. However, to please you, I will hazard one guess. A card for the breakfast at Richmond?"

"No, indeed! The Countess has broken off her finger, or her nose, or something, and that's put off. Guess again."

"My bracelet from Cathcart's? Well, if that is not it, my brains will help me no further."

"Once more—only once! Do, Beatrice! Don't be so stupid!"

"How can I help it? Is it a letter?"

"Yes, yes, yes! Good girl! Here it is; open it quick, and tell me the news."

"Not I, indeed!" replied Beatrice, with a gay smile, holding out her hand for the letter, which she suspected was only some jest of Adela's. "Do you suppose I am going to be simple enough to confide my secrets to you? But what's this?" she cried, turning deathly pale, as her eye fell on the address; "it is from Julia!"

"Well, and what then? It is not the first you have had, and does not contain Medusa's head, does it?"

Beatrice did not answer; she could not.

A vague, shuddering dread had come over her; and with that strange instinct which so often warns us of approaching evil, she knew that misery was at hand.

Regularly, week after week, had she written to Shirley, hoping, poor girl, that from the replies she should gather somewhat of the state of affairs there; and occasionally Julia had answered—although never by a word alluding to the one subject which she knew occupied her cousin's mind.

Beatrice, therefore, had no right to believe this letter any more important than its predecessors; and yet, even while she held it unopened in her hand, she felt that within its folds lay her doom.

For a few moments, little Adela Stanhope, dismayed by the expression of her cousin's face, and its ghastly pallor, watched her silently; then, stealing to her side, she threw her arms tenderly round the orphan's neck, saying gently,

"What is it, Berty, darling?—what ails you?"

"Nothing, nothing!"

"Oh, but there is; you would not look like this for nothing. Are you afraid of bad news in this letter? I wish I had not brought it. Let me take it away and destroy it!"

"No, no!" And she grasped it tighter, and made an effort to smile. "I am only a little head-achy; the heliotropes are so power ful!"

"So they are," replied the volatile maiden, springing away to the stand on which they were placed. "I've told Shaw over and over again that he suffocates us with all these flowers. I'll go and send him to remove them directly. The place smells like Covent Garden Market."

Left once more alone, Beatrice sat for some time in a painful dream, until at last, with a sudden impulse of courage, she tore open the envelope, and read as follows:—

"DEAR BEATRICE,—

"I dare say you have been thinking me very remiss for not answering your kind letters before; but the truth is, that although I have resolved every day to write, I have not had one moment's time to do so. And this you will understand, when I tell you that the fate of my life is at last decided, and I am preparing for the happiest and most important event in a woman's existence—that marriage to which I have so long looked forward with almost despairing hope. My father and mother have behaved very kindly and liberally—wisely considering that wealth will not purchase happiness, and that I have enough money for both.

"Everything, therefore, is smooth at last; and all necessary arrangements being in a satisfactory state of progress, the wedding will take place on the twenty-second of next month—a very brief notice, you will say, but *he* is all impatience; and after what we have suffered, I do do not think it would be kind or wise to ask any longer delay. Indeed, I am not sure that I wish it, for my life hitherto has not been a very bright one, and I have a constant dread lest the present gleam of sunshine should prove as evanescent as others have been. And, therefore, although I have now and then some anxieties for the future—since it is always sad to exchange old ties for new ones, however dear—still I look forward, on the whole, with good hope to the commencement of a blissful existence as the wife of ——. But I will not rhapsodise. You, who know my feelings so thoroughly, will understand all I would say, and thank me for forbearing to bore you longer.

"When I commenced this epistle, which has strangely grown under my hands, it was with the intention of asking you to return to Shirley for the ceremony; but while writing, a thought has struck me that it may not be quite agreeable to you—and if so, do not hesitate for a moment to say so, for delighted as I should be to have you with me, I would not be so selfish as to purchase pleasure to myself at the price of annoyance to you. Let me hear by return; and believe me ever, dear cousin, Yours affectionately,

"JULIA SHIRLEY."

Beatrice did not shriek or cry or faint when she read this letter, as some girls might have done; she only laid her hand firmly on her heart, to quiet, if possible, its fierce beating, and gasped a little for breath; then she said to herself,

"Well, I know the worst now! All is over at last; it ought to have been before, for I never loved him. It was only a fancy—only a fancy! Even already I am wholly indifferent to him."

Poor girl! she mistook pique and indignation for indifference. Alas! for her agony when the truth dawns upon her, and she awakens to a full knowledge of her misery.

As it was, and under the influence of her present feelings, it was perhaps the last part of Julia's letter that stung her most; for, reading it again, her pale face flushed crimson with shame, and she cried passionately,

"She pities—despises me! perhaps even now laughs with him over my credulous folly—the love-lorn, forward girl, who gave her heart at the first word, to one who sought but to amuse himself at her expense, and then, unable to bear the truth, rushed from the place which had witnessed her disgrace, to pine among strangers. Oh, heaven pity me—I shall go mad!"

For you see, dear reader, that my poor little heroine attached but one idea to her cousin's artfully worded letter.

It never entered into her honest head to imagine that the intended bridegroom could be say other than the man whom, by her own confession, Julia loved—George Conyers. At the real state of affairs she could not even guess; and therefore it was that, like a hunted bird, her heart beat so wildly, and that, of all the days of the year, his Grace of Carlisle could not have chosen a more propitious one for the offer of his hand.

How true it is that fate and fortune favor some men. The Duke was certainly one of the lucky ones; for it happened that just at this critical moment, when Beatrice, half frantic with Imaginary shame, was scarcely mistress of herself, the peer arrived at Mr. Stanhope's, and after a few words with Ada, passed on, unannounced, to the little boudoir.

The poor girl did not rise to receive him, but she held out her hand frankly, as in her bitter self-humiliation she would have done to any friend; and after a few words of greeting, he drew a chair beside her, and sat down.

For awhile, they talked upon indifferent subjects—Beatrice forcing herself to attend, and Carlisle racking his brains how best to broach the matter upon the issue of which his honor and credit depended; but at last, seeing that no opening such as he hoped for offered, he said, in reply to his companion's surprise that her aunt did not appear.

"She knows I am here, Miss Lyle, and has kindly permitted me this opportunity of speaking to you on a subject which, from the first hour I saw you, Mrs. Stanhope is aware has been nearest to my heart. Have I your permission to avail myself of it?"

The tremulous blood gave one strong, quick bound, flushing face, throat, and brow a living crimson—then retreated to its citadel.

The Duke saw, and went on gently—

"That you are not really unprepared for the avowal I am about to make, trust I may venture to hope; for, even to strangers, the knowledge that I have dared to love you has been long apparent: and those who know you best, must know how impossible it is for one who, like myself, has been permitted the honor of a familiar acquaintance with your goodness and excellence, not to love them with entire devotedness."

Beatrice caught the arm of the sofa on which her hand rested, and grasped it painfully, while the Duke, perplexed at her silence, continued—

"No one can be better aware than myself, Miss Lyle, of the disparity of age between us; but this, I flatter myself is the only point on which we do not agree; for it is my pride to believe that in tastes, pursuits, principles, and opinions, we are of one mind."

Beatrice looked up in a sad, wondering, helpless sort of a way, a vague kind of thought of what a different style of wooing this was to the last, passing through her mind; but meeting the Duke's eyes, hers fell, and again he resumed, bending lower-like towards her—

"Am I not right? Nay, dear lady, turn not away, as if my suit were ever bold. Believe me, I presume not to place myself—world stained as I am with the contact and battle of many years—on an equality with you, whose excellence might rival the angels. I talk not to you of passion, as a boy might do; but I say that I love and honor you with my whole heart—that my whole life shall be devoted to making yours happy; and that, as Duchess of Carlisle, I offer you rank and power, such as the proudest woman in England might envy; but which, to my thinking, will derive all their honor from being worn by you."

He paused, expecting an answer, but none came. Her head had drooped upon her breast, and her hand still clasped the sofa. So, after a minute or two assuming that silence was consent, Carlisle gently placed his arm round her waist to draw her towards him.

But the first touch restored her; and springing up suddenly, she would have fled, but for the sight of Julia Shirley's letter, which now fell from her lap upon the ground.

With a low cry, she stooped and crushed it fiercely in her hand, every feeling which its perusal had excited flaming up again with new and added vigor.

Indignation, shame, jealousy, once more rent her heart, and thought of what George and Julia might even then be doing and saying, maddened her. Should they, happy and prosperous in their love, deride her—mock at its credulous folly, and crush her by their pity? No, no—a thousand times, no! Rather would she do or by some desperate action show them she was indifferent as him self; and to do this, what better chance would ever offer than that now presented to her, of becoming premier Duchess in England, a leader of ton, and the bride of a man who would make her wishes his law?

Alas! for the poor girl, whose evil genius whispered thus, and ere she had space to reflect, prompted the Duke to say, in the mellow tones which even still he possessed,

"May I not hope? Oh, Beatrice, beloved and honored, give me one word!"

He took her hand—it was not withdrawn—and, sinking on his knee beside her, he poured forth rapturous thanks and protesta-

tion, while she, bewildered and excited, only conscious that, spurned, scorned, laughed at by one man, she was thus humbly sought by another, could only think that, in accepting him, she was wiping out a shame that burned into her very soul.

Still she did not speak until Carlisle again attempted to embrace her; and then rising suddenly, she said, in haste,

"I must seek my aunt now. But first, I ought to say, I must not allow you to deceive yourself, Duke. I respect, esteem, but I do not love you!"

"I am content to wait. Secure of this dear hand"—and he raised it to his lips—"I am content to wait. Only trust and believe in me now—love will follow."

At this moment, ere Beatrice could have replied, Mrs. Stanhope's foot was heard in the ante-chamber, and, springing forward, the Duke entered it, and returned in an instant after, leaving Ada, to whom he presented her niece, saying, in a tone of lover like triumph,

"Mrs. Stanhope, allow me to make known to you my beloved future wife, the Duchess elect of Carlisle."

Beatrice looked up into her aunt's face—a look so sad and spiritless that ever after it haunted Ada; and when she took her in her arms, and felt the heavy throbs which made the girl's whole frame quiver, she could not help wondering if her own freedom purchased as it was, had not been purchased too dearly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

Our investigations go to show that the roaring wave and the mightiest billows of the ocean repose, not upon hard or troubled beds, but upon cushions of still water; that everywhere at the bottom of the deep sea the solid ribs of the earth are protected, as with a garment, from the abrading action of its currents; that the cradle of its restless waves is lined by a stratum of water at rest, or so nearly at rest that it can neither wear nor move the highest bit of drift that once lodges there. The uniform appearance of these microscopic shells, and the almost total absence among them of any sediment from the sea or foreign matter, suggest most forcibly the idea of perfect repose at the bottom of the sea. Some of the specimens are as pure and as free from sand as the fresh fallen snow flake is from the dust of the earth. Indeed these soundings almost prove that the sea, like the snow cloud with its flakes in a calm, is always letting fall upon its bed showers of these minute shells; and we may readily imagine that the wrecks which strew its bottom, are, in the process of age, hidden under this fleecy covering, presenting the rounded appearance which is seen over the body of the traveller who has perished in the snow storm. The ocean, especially within and near the tropics, swarms with life. The remains of myriads of moving things are conveyed by currents, and scattered and lodged in the course of time all over its bottom. This process, continued for ages, has covered the depths of the ocean as with a mantle, consisting of organisms as delicate as hoar-frost, and as light in the water as down is in the air. The tooth of running water is very sharp. See how the Niagara has cut its way through layer after layer of solid rock. But what is the Niagara, with all the fresh water courses of the world, by the side of the great currents of ocean? And what is the pressure of fresh water upon river beds in comparison with the pressure of ocean water upon the bottom of the deep sea? It is not so great by contrast as the gutters in the streets are to the cataract. Then why have not the currents of the sea worn its bottom away? Simply because they have not been permitted to get down to it.—*All the Year Round.*

THE DEAF COUNTESS.

A story illustrative of a union of polite courtesy, with rough and violent ebullition of temper common in the old Scottish character, is well known in the Lothian family —

William Henry, fourth Marquis of Lothian, had for his guest at dinner an old Countess to whom he wished to show particular respect and attention. The Marquis of Lothian was aid-de-camp to the Duke of Cumberland, at the battle of Culloden, and sullied his character very much as a soldier and a nobleman by the cruelties which he exercised on the vanquished. After a very complimentary reception, he put on his white gloves to hand her down stairs, led her to the upper end of the table, bowed, and retired to his own place. This I am assured was the usual custom with the chief lady guest by persons who themselves remember it. After all were seated, the Marquis addressed the lady—

"Madam, may I have the honor and happiness of helping your ladyship to some fish?"

But he got no answer, for the poor woman was *deaf as a post*, and did not hear him; after a pause, but still in the most courteous accents—

"Madam, have I your ladyship's permission to send you some fish?"

Then a little quicker—

"Is your ladyship inclined to take fish?"

Very quick, and rather peremptory—

"Madam, do yo choose fish?"

At last the thunder burst, to everybody's consternation, with a loud thump at the table and stamp on the floor—

"Con—found it! will ye have any fish?"

We are afraid the exclamation might have been even of a more pungent character.

☞ An indirect way of getting a glass of water at a boarding house, is to ask for a third cup of tea.

☞ In 1860, the adult women of England numbered six millions; three of these six millions labored for their subsistence, and two of these three millions were unmarried, and dependent on their own exertions for a subsistence.

THE NATURE OF WEALTH AND POVERTY.

Men rarely know the meaning of the word "rich." It is a relative word, implying its opposite "poor," as positively as the word "north" implies its opposite "south." Men nearly always speak and write as if riches were absolute, and it were possible, by following certain scientific precepts, for everybody to be rich. Whereas riches are a power like that of electricity, acting only through inequalities or negations of itself. The force of the guinea you have in your pocket depends wholly on the default of a guinea in your neighbor's pocket. If he did not want it, it would be of no use to you; the degree of power it possesses depends accurately upon the need or desire he has felt for it; and the art of making yourself rich, in the ordinary mercantile economist's sense, is, therefore, equally and necessarily the art of keeping your neighbor poor. An accumulation of real property is of little use to its owner, unless, together with it, he has commercial power over labor. Thus, suppose any person to be put in possession of a large estate of fruitful land, with rich beds of gold in its gravel, countless herds of cattle in its pastures; houses and gardens, and storehouses full of useful stores; but suppose, after all, that he could get no servants. In order that he may be able to have servants, some one in his neighborhood must be poor, and in want of his gold or his corn. Assume that no one is in want of either, and that no servants are to be had. He must, therefore, bake his own bread, make his own clothes, plough his own ground, and shepherd his own flocks. His gold will be as useful to him as any other yellow pebbles on his estate. His stores must rot, for he cannot consume them. He can eat no more than another man could eat, and wear no more than another man could wear. He must lead a life of severe and common labor to procure even ordinary comforts; he will be ultimately unable to keep either houses in repair or fields in cultivation, and forced to content himself with a poor man's cottage and garden in the midst of a desert of waste land, trampled by wild cattle and incumbered by ruins of palaces which he will hardly mock at himself by calling "his own."

"SHY" RELATIONS.

I have known City magnates with mothers in City almshouses, Members of Parliament with brothers doing duty as railway-guards, a fashionable physician with a nephew a night cabman, and I was once acquainted with a very humorous circus clown who was first cousin to a Cabinet Minister. I don't say that these family failures did not deserve their lot, and I impart no blame to their more fortunate relations. Some men have an alacrity in sinking, buoy them up as you may; throw out to them the life apparatus of money, the drags of family connexion; rush in through the ice of prejudice, grasp them and pull them to the surface at the risk of your own respectability;—in a moment they have slipped from your hand, and are settling steadily towards the bottom, where, when they once arrive, they are infinitely happier among the weeds and slime than they would have been in the purer, fresher atmosphere above. This is but the old story of the impossibility of manufacturing the silken purse from the sow's ear, or of the futility of expecting any more melodious sound from a pig than a grunt; we all know it—we are all martyrs to it. Do you think Majesty enthroned is not acquainted with "shy" relatives—say chiefs of German principalities, for example—who put their Teutonic feet in it, and cause Britain's ruler to quake for the consequences of their absurdities? Do you think that the Chief of the State has never his twinges, springing from the misdeeds, the boredom, the constant blister annoyances of some scorn of that ancient baronial fief of Palmerstown in Ireland? Has any man alive ever raised himself to power and position, has any man inherited power and position, without finding a hundred skids to the well greased wheels of his chariot in the shape of urgent, clamorous ne'r do weels, claiming affinity and connexion, presenting themselves at the most inopportune moment, and clamoring for those things for which exactly they were the most unfitted—*From Temple Bar.*

RAPID GROWTH OF FISH.

Plot, in his "History of Staffordshire," tells us that that county is famous for its pike. In a large pond in this county, with which I am well acquainted, and which was well supplied with small fish from a stream which ran through it, the pike grew to a large size. This pond was let out and fished every seven years regularly, when every pike under six pounds in weight was returned into it. On one occasion I saw three pike taken out, two of which weighed 36 pounds each, and the other 35 pounds. Now, supposing that they were 6 pounds each at the beginning of the seven years, they must have increased in weight at the rate of upwards of 4 pounds each year. I sent the skin of a carp, caught at Pain's Hill, in Surrey, which weighed, when taken, 26 pounds, the largest I have heard of in this country. I also had a perch sent me, and which was caught under an archway where there was a great abundance of live bait, which weighed 6¼ pounds. A trout was taken in Sir Robert Peel's park at Drayton, in a stream which runs through it, which weighed 22¼ pounds. It was stuffed, and is now to be seen in the fine collection in the College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn Fields. A painting of it—sent to him by the late Sir Robert Peel—is in the charming lodge in Richmond Park of my kind neighbor, Professor Owen. I have often thought that there is no limit to the growth of fish, as long as they have abundance of food and escape accidents. A pike was caught in the pond at Pain's Hill, in Surrey, many years ago, which weighed 48 pounds, when that piece of water had, comparatively speaking, been made recently.—*E. Jesse.*

☞ Food as Falstaff was of women, he never objected to their giving him the sack.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Arago, at New York on the 23d, brings dates to the 6th, 90 passengers, the usual mails, $416,732 in specie, and 620 tons of merchandise. The Canada brings advices to the 10th, and $980,000 in specie.

The conduct of Lord John Russell relative to Italy had been denounced and defended in Parliament.

The London Times thinks that "the Morrill Tariff bill is an act for the establishment of protective duties on a most extravagant scale, and little short of absolute prohibition; it will almost prohibit all imports into the United States from England, France and Germany, and be far more detrimental to the interests of America than to those of Europe."

The London Observer says: "The stay of the French contingent in Syria will probably be extended to May 1st."

The Daily News says: "The guaranty fund for the International Exhibition of 1862, is being very rapidly signed. More than £150,000 have been signed for. So soon as the deed of guaranty has been signed, the Bank of England will advance £250,000, and the commissioners will sign a contract, and then the works will commence."

FRANCE.—The Times Paris correspondent says: "The accounts from the French manufacturing districts are unanimous in describing business to be as dull as possible."

There was a considerable rise in the price of flour in the Paris market last week.

The price of wheat rose again last week, not only in Paris but in the provinces.

At Havre the demand for cotton is extremely limited, and prices irregular and feeble.

The weather was exceedingly fine, and the vine season is likely to be prosperous.

The address in answer to the Emperor's speech was adopted in the French Senate, with only three negative votes.

Prince Napoleon is about to proceed to Turin to announce the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome.

In the French Chambers the following amendment to the address was proposed:

"The hour has come for applying to Rome the wise system of non-intervention, and, by the immediate withdrawal of the French troops, to leave Italy mistress of her own destiny."

ITALY.—A deputation from Venice, with Count Bunbo, podesta of that city, at their head, is expected at Vienna, to present petitions to the Emperor in the name of Venice.

A dispatch from Turin says Count Cavour has, in a diplomatic way, brought under notice the necessity of settling the Roman question.

Popular political demonstrations are continually taking place at Rome.

The bombardment of Civita del Tronto commenced on Thursday, February 28th. General Fergola has declared to Cialdini that the works commenced against the citadel constitute a violation of the convention concluded between himself an Garibaldi, and that he will bombard the city should they be carried on. Cialdini replied that for every inhabitant of the city who might be killed or wounded by the bombardment, he would order an officer of the garrison of the citadel to be shot.

He has also notified General Fergola that he does not consider him as a General, but a rebel against King Victor Emmanuel.

RUSSIA.—The sittings of the Council of the Empire in reference to the question of the peasantry are approaching their termination. It is said that the emancipation of the serfs will be proclaimed during Lent (old style).

The Patrie and Pays say:—"The Czar will elaborate a project of Constitution for Russia to serve as a basis for discussion of the emancipation of the serfs shall be resolved."

POPULAR MANIFESTATION IN POLAND.—A dispatch from Warsaw of Friday evening, says—The town presents a very gloomy aspect. The people are wearing mourning.

On Saturday a solemn funeral of those who fell in the recent disturbance took place. A committee of public safety, composed of citizens, has been formed, and has issued a proclamation requesting the maintenance of order.

Gen. Gortschakoff reminds the citizens of the justice which Russia has accorded to them for thirty years. The Prince has given tranquilizing assurances to a deputation from an agricultural association. The Chief of the Police having been wounded, has been replaced by Gen. Denoncal. The municipality of Warsaw has sent an address to the Emperor.

The funeral of those killed gave rise to a great popular manifestation, at which 100,000 men were assembled.

The troops are confined to their barracks.

A petition to the Emperor is being signed, soliciting the establishment of the Polish Constitution, which has been suspended since 1831.

A PROTEST.—The address of the citizens of Warsaw to the Emperor says:—

"The late events have not been caused by one portion of the people alone, but are the deepest and most unanimous expression of the unsatisfied wants of the country, and the result of many years of suffering. The want of legal organs compels us to make sacrifices in order to obtain a hearing. In the soul of every one of us there lives a strong and unalterable national sentiment. The country will never attain its development if the principles of nationality do not meet with valid recognition.

"The country appeals to the Emperor's love of justice."

A dispatch from Warsaw, of March 2d, says—The funeral ceremonies are concluded. The streets are completely filled with spectators. Everything has passed off in perfect order. Neither police nor military are to be seen anywhere. The citizens have maintained order.

The banks of Poland having refused to make specie payment on the Russian bonds, the military took possession of the amount required at the bank vaults.

All was quiet at Warsaw. The number of persons killed at the late riot was 53.

LIVERPOOL, March 9.—Cotton is quiet at a partial advance of ⅛d. Wheat was in good request, and 3d @ 6d more was paid for American red. Flour more regular. Oats, Barley, Beans, and Peas unchanged. Indian Corn firm at 37s for mixed, and 38s ⅌ quarter for yellow American; white American 38s @ 38s 6d ⅌ 480 lbs. Provisions dull.

> Clio to history strings the lyre;
> Euterpe glows with lyric fire;
> Thalia rules the comic muse;
> Melpomene the tragic blues;
> Terpsichore the coral dance;
> Erato, love and elegance;
> Polyhymnia teaches of the stars;
> Calliope has an epic feather—
> Uranie has no real troubles;
> And these are the Muses altogether.

☞ One asked Mr. Patrick Maguire if he knew Mr. Tim Duffy? Know him! he answered, why he is a near relation of mine—he once prop-ised to marry my sister Kate.

☞ "No one would take you to be what you are," said an old fashioned gentleman, the other day, to a dandy who had more hair than brains.

"Why?" was immediately asked.

"Because they can't see your ears."

☞ When you bury animosity, don't set a tombstone over its grave.

☞ Books are embalmed minds. Fame is a flower upon a dead man's heart.

☞ The following spell of injured honor was perpetrated in Versalia, Cal: "Mr. ——: Sir—As I am consedered gradely insoleated by you, I now demand of your satisfection such as costom of chendlemen. In this arrangement will be fix any freend by any ground you shall lick it."

☞ "Harry," said a young lady on the seat before us at the theatre, last evening, "how I should love to be an actress." "An actress, Henrietta? Why?" "Oh, it must be so nice to be made love to in such pretty words every evening!"

☞ Were there but a single mercy proportioned to each moment of our lives, the sum would rise very high; but how is our arithmetic confounded when every minute has more mercies than we can distinctly number!

☞ The Boston Post says:—"We have a subscriber who says he takes the Post for the exercise he has in—*confounding* it."

☞ The ashes of a smoked cigar are little thought of—those of a man, scarcely more.

☞ The way a patient snatches his first look at his doctor's face, to see whether he is doomed, whether he is reprieved, whether he is unconditionally pardoned, has really something terrible in it. The physician whose face reflects his patient's condition like a mirror, may do well enough to examine people for a life insurance office, but does not belong to a sick room.

☞ THE WRONG MAN FOR THE WORK.—A work is announced by Dr. Tick, called "Memory, and How to Aid It." The name is a bad one for a lecture on Mnemonics—for, so far as we have seen, those who have most to do with Tick are decidedly the people of shortest memory.

☞ Appropriate name for a cold beauty—Alice.

☞ There are plenty of dealers in morals, as in ordinary traffic, who confine themselves to the wholesale business. They leave the small necessity of their next-door neighbor to the retailers, who are poorer in statistics and general facts, but richer in the every-day charities.

☞ On the Duke of York's horse Moses winning a match at Ascot, his Royal Highness appeared to look very thoughtful. A spectator asked Mr. Hunt, who happened to be present, what he supposed the royal sportsman could then be pondering on?

"Why, you know," replied Mr. Hunt, "that the duke is a bishop, and he is doubtless thinking of Moses and the profits."

NEW THEORY RESPECTING THE EARTH.—The Hon. H. W. Taylor, of Canandaigua, N. Y., in a lecture delivered in Paterson, N. J., last week, as reported in the Paterson Guardian, controverted the commonly received opinion that the earth is an oblate spheroid and holds that instead of being flat near the Poles, there is a hollow depression—quoting, in support of this opinion, recent geographical discoveries. Extending 2,000 miles across the Poles is a warm sea, whose existence would be incompatible with the received theory.

The rays of the sun, in summer, striking inside the cavity which has the icy circle for a rim, generate a vast amount of heat which, in connection with the increased warmth resulting from a nearer approach to the earth's centre, becomes adequate to the production of the tropical phenomenon which, found on the edges of the Polar Sea, have hitherto proved enigmatical.

The northern regions abound with remains of tropical plants and animals, and in the most northern parts of Siberia; around the Polar Sea, imbedded in the soil that is washed by this unknown tropical ocean, are remains of rhinoceros, hippopotamus and elephants—the latter, it is said, exceeding in number all the animals now living in the world. Mr. Taylor cites the opinion of Sir John Herschell, showing that such a depression at the Poles would be the necessary result of a globe of liquid set in motion with the velocity of the earth around its own axis.

A RIOT IN A PUBLIC SCHOOL.—A disgraceful disturbance occurred on Friday week, in the Mosley School, in Chicago. The principal, Mr. Benham, had been removed by the Board of Education, and Mr. Spofford appointed in his stead. The scholars, comprising about six hundred young men and ladies of the first families of Chicago, rebelled against what they were pleased to consider unwarrantable interference on the part of the Board of Education, and refused to recognize the new principal. On Thursday morning Mr. Spofford made his appearance at the school for the purpose of taking charge, and was accompanied by Mr. Wells, a member of the Board of Education. Scarcely had Mr. Wells ceased to speak, when he was greeted with such a storm of hisses from the young ladies and gentlemen that he was forced to retire, leaving Mr. Spofford to enforce the discipline of the school. This was no easy task, however, and some of the young gentlemen threatened to eject him from the window, which threat would have been put into execution, had not Mr. Spofford armed himself with a pole and kept them at a distance. The disturbance continued all day, and on Friday the school was closed, but on Monday it was re-opened, when the indignation of the scholars reached such an extent that the house was stoned, and the assistance of the police was requisite to preserve order.

THE COURSE OF STORMS.—In Europe, such have been the interchanges by telegraph of the accounts of the atmospheric alterations, that a severe storm along the coast of England was predicted *three days* before it arrived in some of the ports, and vessels were warned *not* to sail out of their ports, in some instances, three days before one of the most severe and fatal of storms to others that did sail. At this very moment the English Admiral, Fitz Roy, is engaged in arranging and perfecting a set of signals by which, from telegraphic communications received, he may communicate to ships sailing past the coast lighthouses important information of coming storms. So well are the usual courses of these storms now known and mapped, that a very little information from one or two points, regularly received, will make it almost impossible for a severe gale to reach any part of the English coast without first of all being heralded by the telegraph, its violence and rate of progress ascertained, vessels all warned from the lighthouses, and the time of the termination of the whole predicted, with the successive courses and changes of the wind. But to accomplish and perfect this, there needs daily reports of winds, rains, and storms from a thousand different stations, all along the coasts of Europe, to be transmitted and compared; and telegraph wires are being momentarily used in this work.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE Pittsburg Dispatch states that the congregation of a church in Youngstown, were recently edified by a discourse against the sinking of oil wells, on the ground that God intended those oil deposits for some great general conflagration, which was being interfered with by the well-borers.

SALE OF A VALUABLE HORSE.—Mr. Keene Richards, of Kentucky, sold, a few days ago, his splendid filly "Bettie Ward," to Mr. Foley, of Louisiana, for $6,000.

TACONY, the celebrated trotter, which beat Flora Temple three times, has been sold to Mr. Train, of Cincinnati, for $1,000. A few years ago, the same horse was sold for $7,700.

ANOTHER ASTEROID.—On the 10th of February, Gaspairs discovered at Naples yet another asteroid, for which, it is rumored, he has proposed the name of Garibaldi; but which will, perhaps, not be adopted by astronomers.

MISSOURI.—The taxable property of this State amounts to three hundred and sixty millions of dollars, of which slaves make up forty-five millions.

THERE are now twelve hundred United States recruits at Fort Columbus, New York.

THERE are said to be thirty thousand veterans of the war of 1812 in New York State alone.

THE people of Dedham, Massachusetts, seem to appreciate the services of their clergymen. Rev. Dr. Lamson, has been settled over the Unitarian Church, in that town, forty-two years; Rev. Dr. Burgess over the Orthodox forty years, and Rev. Mr. Babcock has been the rector of the Episcopal Church nearly thirty years.

WE have reports of a horrible case of poisoning at Rockford, Illinois, by which a whole family, consisting of father, mother, and eleven children, have been destroyed. The poisoning was produced by salting pork in the curing of which some deadly substance (probably blue vitriol) had been used by mistake for saltpetre. The father, who died first, was buried on Saturday, on which day the rest of the family died. They were buried on Sunday, hearses having been procured from the neighboring towns.

CHELSEA MILK.—At Chelsea, near Boston, Massachusetts, there is an Inspector of Milk. His annual report declares that sixty-four analyses showed pure milk, and thirty-two of adulteration. Sugar, salt, and water were the substances used for deceiving customers.

A WEALTHY WOODCHOPPER.—A woodchopper on the Mississippi, has, within a few years, realized $100,000 by selling wood to steamboats.

THE Louisiana Convention has ratified the Permanent Constitution of the "Confederated States of America," by a vote of 101 yeas to 7 nays.

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NEW APPOINTMENTS.—Minister to England—Charles Francis Adams, of Massachusetts.

Minister to France—Hon. William L. Dayton, of New Jersey.

Minister to Sardinia—Hon. George P. Marsh, of Vermont.

Minister to Turkey—James Watson Webb, Esq., editor of the New York Courier and Enquirer. (Declines.)

Minister to Austria—Anson Burlingame, of Massachusetts.

Minister to Denmark—Bradford R. Wood, of New York.

Minister to Belgium—Henry S. Sanford, of Connecticut.

Minister to Rome—Rufus King, of Wisconsin.

Commissioner to Sandwich Islands—Thomas S. Dryer, of Oregon.

Consul at Havre—James O. Putnam, of New York.

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☞ An extravagant French Marchioness was lately assailed by a number of Paris tradesmen for payment of $60,000 debts. The husband proved in court, that he allowed her $6,000 a year, and that only five years ago, he paid $120,000 of her debts. The wife replied that she brought him $1,000,000 dowry. Among the items were shoats at $500 a pair, and an expenditure of $400 for pistols, powder, balls and caps. This charge decided the court to non suit the creditors.

NEWS ITEMS.

EXCITEMENT AMONG STEAMBOATMEN AT NEW ORLEANS.—The New Orleans True Delta, of Sunday, has the following:—The new law of the Confederate States requiring steamboats for "foreign" ports to take out clearances, went into effect yesterday, and created no little excitement and comment on the wharf. The most important feature of it seems to be the fee which the custom-house officials never fail to exact.

SINGULAR LIBEL SUIT.—The captain of the ship Adelaide Bell has sued the proprietors and editors of the New Orleans Crescent for $50,000 damages, on account of certain paragraphs in regard to what was alleged to be a Black Republican flag, which was unfurled from the mast head of that vessel.

SHERMAN M. BOOTH, formerly editor of a Milwaukie paper, whose name has been before the country so much in connection with the rescue of a fugitive slave, of escape from prison, and the subject of numerous decisions of the State and United States Courts, has been released from prisonment of the State of Mr. Buchanan's administration. A short time since it was represented that he was becoming insane, but now it is stated that he is looking remarkably well.

H. S. SANFORD'S letter to Thurlow Weed, on a free cotton league for the promotion of the culture of cotton in South and Central American States, has attracted the especial attention of President Montealegre, of Costa Rica, who has ordered inquiries to be made on the practicability of Mr. Sanford's plan.

THE city election at Burlington, N. J., was carried by the Democrats by 100 majority—a large gain.

TWIGGS has declined the appointment of Brigadier Generalship of the Confederate States army, on account of his feeble health.

A SPECIAL despatch from Little Rock, Arkansas, states that the secession ordinance has been voted down, the nays being 39 to 35 yeas. It was afterwards decided to submit the question of co-operation or secession to the people of Arkansas, on the first Monday in August.

THE SLAVE CODE IN NEW MEXICO.—A letter published in the Missouri Democrat, from Mr. Whitlock, who introduced a bill into the legislature of New Mexico, providing for a repeal of the slave code, says that the bill passed its second reading, although a strong effort was made to suppress it. All parties admitted in the discussion that New Mexico could never become a slave State.

THE large guns purchased by South Carolina in Europe, are said to be on the Susan G. Owens which is likely to become a total wreck, having struck outside the bar.

BY some recent development in the Court of Quarter Sessions at New York, a fact of interest to wine drinkers becomes exposed. A witness employed in a wine store testified that some wine sold by him was made of what was called "turnip juice." This was "made to sparkle by gas made from vitriol and marble dust, and then labled champagne."

THE iron works of Seyfert, McManus & Co., at Reading, Pa., have resumed operations on *full time*. This being one of the largest manufacturing establishments in the State, its many certainly say that it is a cheering sign for the future.

ANOTHER extraordinary vein of oil is said to have been struck near Titusville, jets of that fluid having been thrown into the air as high as one hundred feet, and through a two inch pipe it was ejected with such force as to knock a pail out of the hand of a man who was holding it.

IT was recently decided by the Superior Court in Massachusetts, that one person in the employ of a railroad company could not maintain an action for injuries received through the want of care of other persons also in their employ, if the employer exercised proper and suitable men for the company to employ.

"FATHER BEESON," the Indian's advocate, in a recent lecture in this city, made a strong arraign on denunciation of the lack of zeal of the missionaries to the Indians. Out of thirteen missionaries who went to Oregon, twelve of them neglected the duties of their mission to speculate in lands.

MR. WALIO H. JOHNSON has been elected U. S. Senator from Missouri in the place of the present Senator, Green. After several days' ballottings, Mr. Green's name was withdrawn, Mr. Johnson said to be a Douglas Democrat, and Union man.

THE Charleston Courier learns, from a despatch received by a mercantile house of that city, that the proper officers at the custom-house at Havre have notified merchants that ships from the seceded States of America will be admitted on the same footing as those carrying the Federal flag.

AN ordinance to submit the permanent Constitution of the Southern Confederacy to the people of Louisiana for their ratification or rejection was defeated in the State Convention.

THE Southern Confederation new tariff bill was not passed into a law. It will be up for action when the Congress again meets.

THE well known case of Mr. and Mrs. Gurney, in England, has ended in a divorce.

TEXAS.—The vote from 84 counties is 34,796 for secession, 11,235 against it. Fifty counties are to be heard from, which, it is believed, will increase the secession majority.

ANY number of propositions were laid before the Cabinet to supply provisions and men for the relief of Fort Sumter—they were referred to a board of officers of the army and navy.

NOT long since Naples was the scene of a dreadful murder, of which the exact cause remains undiscovered. One of the most beautiful and wealthiest girls in Naples, at the moment of returning from the San Carlo Theatre in the evening, was shot at the door of her own house, by a pistol ball, which passed right through her heart. The dress and face of the unhappy mother were splashed with her daughter's blood, and she found that she was holding in her arms a corpse. The girl gave no warning cry, and died instantly.

THE Boston Society for Medical Improvement has published a circular calling upon physicians to report their observations on the effect of ether upon patients. It has been stated that it is more safe to use than chloroform.

MISS ELLEN SMITH, of Boston, Mass., has just recovered $4,000 of Francis Clementson, for breach of promise of marriage, after 20 years' courtship. Two hundred dollars a year, and all the pleasures of courtship thrown in!

YANKEE NOTIONS—In the town of Concord, Mass., according to the recent census returns, there are annually manufactured 100,000 pails, and 75,000 tubs, worth $30,000; 2,000 gross of pencils, worth $4,000; 2,000 packs of gold leaf, worth $14,000.

COOLIES FOR GEORGIA.—The ship Good Hope, Captain Miller, was at Port Morant, Jamaica, on the 4th inst., on her way from Calcutta, E. I., to Savannah, Georgia, with a cargo of Coolies. This is said to be the first cargo of Coolies ever shipped for this country.

A POSTMISTRESS BY POPULAR VOTE.—An election was held at St. Clairsville, Ohio, a few days ago, in compliance with what has been announced to be the wish of Mr. Lincoln, to determine who should receive the appointment of Postmaster. There were three candidates—two very respectable and popular gentlemen, and a lady named Mrs. Ramsay. The laker was elected by about 25 majority.

WORK has been stopped on the public buildings in South Carolina, as the State Bonds, issued for the purpose of constructing her State House, cannot be sold.

By the recent decision of the Supreme Court, confirming the title of Robert J. Walker to certain quicksilver mines in California, that gentleman has become possessed of property for which *two millions* of dollars was at one time offered.

THE NEW TARIFF.—The estimates of the Department make a revenue of $63,000,000 from the new law, calculated upon the basis of the importations of 1859—an increase of $16,000,000 upon the revenue of that year, which does not prove, however, that the new bill is higher in rates than those of 1846, reduced to their equivalents in specifics; but the difference of productiveness arises from the fact that the roguish undervaluation of the ad valorem system reduced the revenue to that amount at least.

By proclamation of General Bragg, of the Pensacola secession forces, all vessels are prohibited from furnishing supplies to the U. States war vessels off Pensacola or Fort Pickens, under penalty of forfeiture and confiscation.

IT seems by an advertisement of the Secretary of the Southern Confederacy that no portion of the loan of $15,000,000, authorized by the Montgomery Congress, has been yet taken.

MILITARY ACADEMY AT WEST POINT.—This institution, organized in 1802, for the purpose of advancing military art, science, and literature, is one of the most thorough institutions of the kind in the world. Its faculty consists of an Inspector, who is commandant of the Corps of Engineers, with an academic staff of thirty-five officers of the army, of different grades, and eight civilians, who act as instructors or professors. There are also one chaplain and two surgeons, who are attached to the military staff. There are five classes of cadets, numbering about 300, who usually receive their appointments from the various Congressional districts of the Union, some few being appointed at large. The term of study is five years, and the service appointments at the end of the term vary according to the standing of the cadet as regards proficiency in study and deportment. Those most distinguished are recommended to the Engineers and Artillery, which are the scientific corps of the army. Next in order come the Dragoons and Cavalry, and lastly the Infantry. Many, however, do not remain in the army, but retire into civil life, and hold positions as civil engineers, professors, and scientific men.

The course of study pursued is as follows: Fortification, military science and art, law and literature, mineralogy and geology, ordnance and the science of gunnery, infantry, cavalry and artillery tactics, equation, &c.; civil engineering, ethics, literature, logic, &c.; electrics and chemistry, drawing, natural and experimental philosophy, French, Spanish, mathematics, rhetoric, history, geography, and others.

LAST DEFINITION OF THE WORD ABOLITIONIST.—The editor of the Southern Literary Messenger, a monthly magazine, published in Richmond, Virginia, and "devoted to Literature, Science and Art," found occasion, recently, to charge "*The Century*," a weekly newspaper of New York, with being "thoroughly and hopelessly abolitionized;" and being desired to withdraw his charge, declines, but gives instead his definition of the word Abolitionist. "An Abolitionist," he says, "is any man who does not love slavery for its own sake, as a divine institution; who does not worship it as the cornerstone of civil liberty; who does not adore it as the only possible social condition on which a permanent republican government can be erected; and who does not, in his inmost soul, desire to see it extended and perpetuated over the whole earth, as a means of human reformation, second in dignity, importance and sacredness alone to the Christian religion. He who does not love African slavery with this love, is an Abolitionist."

MISSOURI CONVENTION.—The following amendment to a resolution was voted down in the Missouri Convention, by 30 ayes to 61 nays:—

"And further believing the fate of Missouri depends upon a peaceable adjustment of our present difficulties she will never consent to acquiesce or aid the seceding States in making war upon the General Government, nor will she provide men and money for the purpose of aiding the General Government in any attempt to coerce a seceding State."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—Sales of some 6000 bbls, in lots at $5@5,12½; for common and good straight superfine, and $5,25@5,50 for extra as to brand, including 500 bbls of the latter, city mills, and 2000 bbls Western family Flour, on terms kept private. The sales to the trade have been to a fair extent within the above range of prices for superfine and extra; $5,62½@5,87½ for Penna and Ohio; $6 bbl for fancy brands, as in quality, closing quiet at these rates. Rye Flour is dull, and selling in a small way only at $3,50@3,62½ ₱ bbl, the latter for Baltimore. Corn Meal is but little inquired for, with a few small sales of Penna Meal only to note at $2,87½ ₱ bbl, at which rate it is held.

GRAIN—There has been rather more activity in Wheat; about 28,000 bus have been taken, principally for shipment, at $1,35@1,40 for fair to good and prime Western and Penna Red, and for Southern do, which would now bring more, and from $1,35 to $1,50 for White, as in quality and condition. One load of Black Wheat of Penna is arriving and selling slowly at 60@65c. A sale of Northern was made at 7c. Corn is better and more active, and about 50,000 bus sold at 55@58c for new Yellow, in the cars and in store, and 57@60c afloat, including inferior lots at 53@55c. White is scarce, and old Yellow is wanted mostly in store. Oats are in fair request, and 18,000 bus sold at 30@32c for Southern, and 32@33½c for Penna, mostly of the latter. Barley is scarce, with small receipts and sales of prime at 77c. Of Barley Malt sales are reported at 80@90c. Mill Feed is quiet.

PROVISIONS—The demand for the Hog product continues of a very limited character, and the sales of barrelled meats are in a small way only at $17@17½ for Mess Pork, and $12@12½ for city Mess Beef. Dressed Hogs are quoted at 6½@6¾c per 100 lbs. Of Bacon the sales are light at 11@12½c for plain and fancy hams; 10@10½c for Sides, and 8@8½c for Shoulders, usual terms. Green meats are more active, and prices about the same, with sales of 500 sacks and 150,000 lbs sulted Shoulders and Sides at 6¾ @7c for the former, and 8¾@9c for the latter, on time. Hams range at 8¾@9¼c in salt and pickle, with small sales. Lard is dull at 9¾@10c for kegs and bbls, and held 11c in kegs, and very little selling. Butter remains unchanged, refl selling freely at 19@21c, as in quality; 10,000 lbs packed sold at 16c. Cheese is more active, but rather lower, with sales of 1200 boxes at 9¾@10c, as in quality. Eggs are in fair demand at 12c ₱ doz, which is a decline.

COTTON—Sales of about 1000 bales, in lots, at from 9¾ to 14¾c for Uplands and Gulfs, cash and four mos, mostly of the former, within the range of 11¼@13¾c, cash, the latter for Middling and fair quality.

ASHES—The demand is steady, and the market is firm. Sales of Pots at $5,25, and Pearls at $5,25 ₱ 100 lbs.

BARK—The demand for Quercitron having fallen off, the market is quiet, and first No 1 nearly nominal at $26 ₱ ton. Buyers now offer less. Nothing doing in Tanners' Bark.

BEESWAX—Good Yellow is wanted at 32c, but generally held higher, and we hear of no sales.

COAL—There is some little inquiry for Shipment. Schuylkill White Ash Lump ₱ ton $5,0 @5,35; Prepared do $5,20@5,35; Red Ash do $5,30@5,50; Lehigh Lump do $5,50; Prepared do $5,50; by retail do $4,50; Schuylkill Prepared do $4,25.

COFFEE—There is very little arriving. The sales are limited to some 2000 bags in lots at 11¼ @14c for Rio and 14¼@14½c for Laguayra, on time, and some Jamaica at 13½c, usual credit.

COPPER is dull, but without any change to note in either Sheathing or Yellow Metal.

FEATHERS are unchanged, and good Western move off slowly at 45@48c, as to lots.

FRUIT—The demand continues limited; some large lots of Dried Apples and Peaches have been closed out at low prices, including the former at 2½@2¾c, and the latter at 4@5c ₱ lb.

FURS—Prices same as last week.

HEMP is quiet, the stock being nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS—The sales continue light at the decline, prices ranging at 24@28c for new crop Eastern and Western. The stock is light, and old Hops very dull.

IRON—There is some inquiry for Pig Metal; we quote Anthracite No 1 at $21@22, and No 2 at $20@21, usual terms, with sales of about 1000 tons at our lowest figures, and 500 tons Glendon Gray Pig at $22, 6 mos. In Scotch Pig there is a limited business doing at $25@24 ₱ ton. Bars and rails are more active.

LEAD is firmly held, with a light stock to operate in, and 2000 pigs Galena have been disposed of at a price kept private.

LUMBER—Business is rather more active. Among the sales are some Hemlock raft Lumber at $7@8; White Pine Boards at $14@16; Yellow Pine do at $14@15, and Laths, in lots, at $1,50@ 1,85 ₱ M.

MOLASSES continue dull, but sales of 500 hhds Cuba have been made, mostly on terms kept private, and 150 hhds New Orleans to come from another market, at 34c, usual credit.

PLASTER—There is little or none arriving or selling, and the market is at a stand still.

RICE is less active, and sales of 180 casks are reported in lots, mostly at 4@4¾c, cash and time.

SEEDS—The demand for Clovereed, has fallen off, and only about 1500 bus found buyers at $4,75@4,87½, including some from second hands at $5 ₱ bus, and one lot at $5,12½. Timothy is scarce and selling at $3@3¼, and domestic Flaxseed at $1,50 ₱ bus, the receipts of both being very light.

SPIRITS—There is very little movement in foreign, owing to the firmness of holders, and the sales of Brandy and Gin have been limited, but at very full prices. A St. Croix rum moves off slowly at 30@32c. Whiskey is firmer, with light receipts and sales to note at 17@17½c for Drudge; 17½@ 18c for hhds; 18½@19c for Pennsylvania bbls and 18@18½c for Ohio do.

SUGARS are firmer and rather more active, with sales of about 1200 hhds, mostly Cuba, to note, at 4¼@5¼c, including some small lots old Porto Rico at 5¾c, and New Orleans at 5@6c, all on the usual terms. The stock is very much reduced.

TALLOW is rather better and more active, sales of city having been made at 9¾c, and country at 8¾c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO is unchanged, and a small business doing in Leaf and Manufactured at quotations.

WOOL—There is a limited inquiry from manufacturers, and little or nothing doing, a few small sales of fleece, mostly mixed lots, having been made at about previous rates.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1584 head. Prices varying from $7 to 9,04 ₱ cwt. 60 Cows were sold at from $20 to 40 ₱ head. 3500 head of Sheep were disposed of at from 5 to 6¾ ₱ lb, gross weight. 1831 Hogs brought from $6¾ to 7¾ for still fed, and from $7¼ to 8 corn fed.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

March 23.—FLOUR firm; 10,000 bbls sold at $5,10@5,15 for State, $5,55@5,65 for Ohio, and $5,35@5,70 for Southern. Wheat has advanced 1@2c; market firm; 30,000 bus sold. Corn firm; 10,000 bus sold at 64@65c. Whiskey steady at 17¾c.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In New York, on the 14th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Crawford, Mr. O. S. HUBBELL, of Philadelphia, to Mrs. FRANCES R. HUBBELL, daughter of S. Nixon, Esq. of New York.

At Friends' meeting house, Deer Creek, Harford county, Md. ANNE J. HOOPER, of Baltimore county, to JANE, daughter of the late Caleb H. Canby, of Philadelphia.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. W. H. Furness, GEORGE W. TOAK, M. D. of Dansville, N. Y. to MARY A. HOMER, of Philadelphia.

On Tuesday morning, March 19, 1861, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, D. D. Mr. WILLIAM WALLACE, of Philadelphia, to Mrs. BARBARA A. YOST, of Palmyra, Burlington county, N. J.

February 17, by the Rev. James Cunningham, JOHN P. ALBURGER, to ANN E. MURPHY, both of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. S. Y. Monroe, SAMUEL S. E. COWPERTHWAIT, to AMANDA MYERS, both of Camden, N. J.

On Wednesday, the 6th instant, by the Rev. M. Sheelegh, Pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church, Mr. EDWARD J. SELBY, to Miss MARGARET READ, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Bristol, Pa. on Wednesday, March 20, CATHARINE A. wife of Robt. C. Beatty, aged 53.

On the morning of the 19th instant, SARAH J. wife of Jos. J. Gillingham.

On Tuesday afternoon, March 19, ELIZABETH A. wife of Geo. W. Steever, and daughter of the late Capt. John L. Ferguson.

Suddenly, on Wednesday, the 13th instant, at Gambier, Ohio, RICHARD LEWIS, M. D. of Philadelphia, Pa. in his 38th year.

On the morning of the 16th instant, LEWIS LEVY, in his 62d year.

At his residence, on Church Lane, Germantown, on the 18th instant, GEORGE F. MESSER, in his 44th year.

On Sabbath morning, 17th instant, Mr. WILLIAM NANSAU, Sr. in his 80th year.

In this city, Monday evening, March 18th, Edwards S. Sutfield, formerly of New Haven, aged 23 years.

On the the 16th instant, GEORGE SIMPSON, aged 64 years.

On the morning of the 15th instant, ELIZABETH TALLMAN, in her 88th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, March 23, 1861.

Alabama	4 dis.	Missouri	10 dis.
Canada	1 dis.	Nebraska	1 dis.
Connecticut	par to 1 dis.	New Brunswick	1 dis.
Delaware	par to 1 dis.	New Hampshire	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia	3 dis.	New Jersey	par to 1 dis.
Florida	4 dis.	New York City	par
Georgia	4 dis.	New York State	1 dis.
Illinois	3 dis.	North Carolina	4 dis.
Indiana	1 to 3 dis.	North Western	4 dis.
Iowa	4 dis.	Ohio	par
Kansas		Pennsylvania	par to 1 dis.
Kentucky	1 dis.	Rhode Island	par dis.
Louisiana	2 dis.	South Carolina	6 dis.
Maine	1 dis.	Tennessee	6 dis.
Maryland	1 to 4 dis.	Texas	
Massachusetts	par dis.	Vermont	1 dis.
Michigan	4 dis.	Virginia	1 dis.
Minnesota		Wisconsin	3 dis.
Mississippi			

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ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman,) in the United States, possessing a small capital of ten to $7, can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from $5 to $10 per day can be realized. For particulars address (pd) stamp,)

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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,

No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.
U S 6s of '67	100	—
" " " coupon	100	—
" " " 1881	100	—
" " " new	100	101
Pa 5 p ct.	90	—
Pa 6 p ct.	100	—
Allegheny City 6 p ct.	65	—
" County 6	85	—
Penn 6 p ct.	100	—
" 5	90	—
Penn 4	75	—
" coupon	—	—
Kentucky 6 p ct.	90	—
Missouri	84	—
N. Carolina 6 p ct.	95	—
" 5	85	—
Ohio 6	102	—
" 5	92	—
Virginia 6	95	—

CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.

Sch'l Nav 6 p ct.	60	70
" 3	20	25
Lehigh 6 p ct.	100	101
" 3	60	65
Morris Canal 7	110	111
" preferred	115	117
Lehigh Nav stock	44	45
Penn R R 6 p ct.	100	—
" 5	90	—
Morris Canal 6	102	—
Long Island	11	—
Cam & Am 6	100	—
" stock	114	115
Reading R R 6 p ct.	85	—
" stock	45½	—
Penn R R stock	51	—
" bonds, 1882	94	—
" " 1880	94	—
" " 1875	94	—
Phila. Wil & Balt stock	36	36½
" 6 p ct. loan '60	94	—
" 6 " '70	94	—
" 1st mort	—	68
" 2d "	—	45
Catawissa	7	—
" preferred	20	—
Phila & Erie R R stock	20	—
North Penn R R	6	—
Leases	51	—
6 per ct loan	94	—
Phil'ps & Read R R stock	49	—
Schuylkill Nav R R stock	49	—
" 6 p ct. loan	94	—
Penn R R stock	51	—
Erie R R stock	72	—
N Y Central	77½	—
Pittsburgh Cantra.	—	—
Illinois	—	—
Michigan Southern	—	—

DO YOU WANT WHISKERS?

DO YOU WANT WHISKERS?

DO YOU WANT A MOUSTACHE?

DO YOU WANT A MOUSTACHE?

BELLINGHAM'S

CELEBRATED

STIMULATING ONGUENT,

FOR THE WHISKERS AND HAIR.

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is prepared by Dr. C. P. Bellingham, an eminent physician of London, and is warranted to bring out a thick set of

WHISKERS OR A MUSTACHE

in from three to six weeks. This article is the only one of the kind used by the French, and in London and Paris it is in universal use.

It is a beautiful, economical, soothing, yet stimulating compound, acting as if by magic upon the roots, causing a beautiful growth of luxuriant hair. If applied to the scalp it will cure *baldness*, and cause to spring up in place of the bald spots a fine growth of new hair. Applied according to directions it will turn *red or rusty hair dark*, and restore gray hair to its original color—leaving it soft, smooth and flexible. The "ONGUENT" is an indispensable article in every gentleman's toilet, and after one week's use they would not for any consideration be without it. The subscribers are the only agents for the article in the United States, to whom all orders must be addressed.

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MAHAN'S SPRING FASHIONS.

This renowned work is ready to mail. The diagrams are numerous, containing all the fashionable garments worn; the directions are clear and explicit. This guide is far superior to any ever issued in America. It contains twenty eight figures, two are likenesses, one His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, copied from a photograph from life, taken at Buckingham Palace, July 4th, 1860, the day before his departure for America; the other is Major Anderson, in full dress, with Fort Sumter in the rear, copied from a portrait taken from life.

New Terms—System and uncolored Plates $1 per year. System and Colored Plates, $5. Colored Plates and Pattern Sheet $2 per year. Or single Plate, $1,50. Uncolored Plate and Pattern Sheet, $1,50 per year. Single copy, $1 cash, invariably in advance.

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THEY WANT TO KNOW

WHAT MEDICINE CURES,

NOT HOW IT CURES

COSTIVENESS AND DIZZINESS CURED

New York, April 5th, 1860.

DR. B. BRANDRETH—Dear Sir—In the spring of 1855, I had the misfortune to break my thigh in consequence of which my constitution became greatly debilitated, and I suffered with great costiveness, attended with dizziness and severe pain in the head and side, and oppression of the heart. I was attended by several physicians of this city for three years without obtaining relief, and had despaired of a cure till finally I was induced to try your Pills, which almost instantly relieved me, and in a short time completely restored my health. I consider them the best medicine in the world. Yours, truly,

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CURE

SICK HEADACHE;

CURE

NERVOUS HEADACHE;

CURE

ALL KINDS

OF

HEADACHE.

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous or Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the *Nausea* and *Headache* to which females are so subject.

They act gently upon the bowels,—removing *Costiveness*.

For *Literary Men, Students*, Delicate Females, and all persons of *sedentary habits*, they are valuable as a *Laxative*, improving the *appetite*, giving *tone* and *vigor* to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.

THE CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of pain and suffering from Headache, whether originating in the *nervous* system or from a deranged state of the *stomach*.

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety, without making any change of diet, and *the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children.*

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

The genuine have five signatures of Henry C Spalding on each Box.

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WILL CONVINCE ALL WHO SUFFER FROM

HEADACHE,

THAT A

SPEEDY AND SURE CURE

IS WITHIN THEIR REACH.

As these Testimonials were unsolicited by Mr. SPALDING, they afford unquestionable proof of the efficacy of this truly scientific discovery.

MASONVILLE, CONN., Feb. 5, 1861.

MR. SPALDING.

SIR:

I have tried your Cephalic Pills, and *I take them so well* that I want you to send me two dollars' worth more.

Part of these are for the neighbors, to whom I gave a few out of the first box I got from you.

Send the Pills by mail, and oblige

Your ob't Servant,
JAMES KENNEDY.

HAVERFORD, PA., Feb. 6, 1861.

MR. SPALDING.

SIR:

I wish you to send me one more box of your Cephalic Pills, *I have received a great deal of benefit from them.* Yours, respectfully,
MARY ANN STOIKHOUSE.

SPRUCE CREEK, HUNTINGTON CO., PA., January 18, 1861.

H. C. SPALDING.

SIR:

You will please send me two boxes of your Cephalic Pills. Send them immediately.

Respectfully yours,
JNO. R. SIMONS.

P. S. *I have used one box of your Pills, and find them excellent.*

BELLE VERNON, Ohio, Jan. 15, 1861.

HENRY C. SPALDING, Esq.

Please find inclosed twenty five cents, for which send me another box of your Cephalic Pills. *They are truly the best Pills I have ever tried.*

Direct A. STOVER, P. M.,
Belle Vernon, Wyandot Co., O.

BEVERLY, MASS., Dec. 11, 1860.

H. C. SPALDING, Esq.

I wish for some circulars or large show bills, to bring your Cephalic Pills more particularly before the notice of the people. If you have anything of the kind, please send to me.

One of my customers, who is subject to severe Sick Headache, (usually lasting two days,) was *cured of an attack in one hour by your Pills*, which I sent her. Respectfully yours,
W. B. WILKES.

REYNOLDSBURG, FRANKLIN CO., OHIO, January 9, 1861.

HENRY C. SPALDING,
No. 48 Cedar st., N. Y.,

DEAR SIR:

Inclosed find twenty five cents, (25,) for which send box of "Cephalic Pills." Send to address of Rev. Wm. C. Filler, Reynoldsburg, Franklin Co., Ohio.

Your Pills work like a charm—cure Headache almost instantly.

Truly yours, WM. C. FILLER.

☞ A single bottle of SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE will save ten times its cost annually. ☜ 1

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

SAVE THE PIECES!

ECONOMY! DISPATCH!

☞ A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE! ☜ 1

As accidents will happen, even in well regulated families, it is very desirable to have some cheap and convenient way for repairing Furniture, Toys, Crockery, &c.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE

meets all such emergencies, and no household can afford to be without it. It is always ready, and up to the sticking point.

USEFUL IN EVERY HOUSE!

N. B.—A Brush accompanies each Bottle. Price, 25 cents.

Address, HENRY C. SPALDING,
No. 48 CEDAR Street, New York.

CAUTION.

As certain unprincipled persons are attempting to palm off on the unsuspecting public, imitations of my PREPARED GLUE, I would caution all persons to examine before purchasing, and see that the full name

☞ SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE, ☜ 1

is on the outside wrapper. All others are swindling counterfeits. mar 9-1y

DOWNEY'S PROLIFIC SEEDLING STRAWBERRY.

—The splendid new variety, said to surpass even the famous Wilson in productiveness, and equal to the best in quality, we now place within the reach of everybody who may desire them, viz: On the receipt of ONE DOLLAR, we will cause to be delivered 25 LIVE PLANTS into the hand of the purchaser, (under 3,000 miles.) Also, Wilson's and Downey's Seedlings delivered to R. R. Co. at Macedon, for $2 per thousand. J. W. BRIGGS & SON,
mh26-3t Macedon, Wayne co., N. Y.

PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLE BLACK OATS! also, GIPSEY OATS—a new and superior article for seed—weighing 40 lbs to the bushel. For sale by ROGERS & GEST,
1t No. 138 Market St., Philada.

1,000 BARRELS POUDRETTE, for sale by ROGERS & GEST,
1t No. 138 Market St., Philada.

FIELD, GARDEN & FLOWER SEEDS, for sale by ROGERS & GEST, No. 138 Market St., (Custom house stand,) Philada. 1t

R. DOLLARD,
417 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA,
PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	2.—Over forehead as far as required.
3.—From ear to ear over the top.	3.—Over the crown of the head.
4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Frizzes, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention. nov6-cowly

IMPORTANT to FARMERS, MECHANICS and Unemployed Young Men.—I pay from $500 to $5,000 yearly for your services. None but honest men need apply. Inclose stamp to
1t Box 610 Albany, N. Y.

PLEASE TO READ THIS.—If you want Employment, send at once for Mr. SEARS' CIRCULAR TO BOOK AGENTS. Our Publications are considered among the most saleable. Address, post paid, ROBERT SEARS,
aug13-1f Publisher, 181 William St., N. Y.

WINCHESTER & CO.,
GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING STORE,
AND
PATENT SHOULDER SEAM SHIRT
MANUFACTORY,
NO. 706 CHESTNUT STREET,
Above Seventh, opposite the Washington House.

Fine SHIRTS and DRAWERS made from measurement at a few days' notice, and in all cases WARRANTED to fit.

LIBERAL INDUCEMENTS TO WHOLESALE BUYERS. jan5-13eow

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WANTED, to sell RAPID SELLING, Valuable Family Works, AT LOW PRICES, WITH STRIKING CONTENTS, and superbly Colored Plates. For circulars, with full particulars, apply, if you live East, to HENRY HOWE, 102 Nassau street, New York; if you live West, the same, 111 Main Street, Cincinnati. mh15-1f

$100 PER MONTH made by any one with a Stencil and STENCIL TOOLS. Sold the cheapest and best. Send for my circular, which fully explains the business. Address JOHN MILLIKEN, Lawrence, Mass., or No. 79 Third St., St. Louis, Mo. mar30-6t

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES? My ONGUENT will fill them in from three to six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1. Sent by mail, pd free, to any address, on receipt of an order.
R. G. GRAHAM,
109 Nassau street, New York. 1t

B. FRANK PALMER,

SURGEON ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS, AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to

THE STONE EDIFICE,

No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philada. 1609.

THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment erected at great expense for the Tuesday Afternoon Medical Clinics, affords comfort and facility for Surgico Artistic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the manufacture of Artificial Limbs, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS," (under the New Patents,) in unequalled perfection. *Thousands of these Limbs are now in use*, and have supported, and a galaxy of gold and silver medals for "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world, attests the public value of the Pal

Wit and Humor.

THE TAILOR AND DEAN SWIFT.

A tailor in Dublin, near the residence of the Dean, took it into his head that he was specially and divinely inspired to interpret the prophecies, and especially the book of Revelation. Quitting the shop-board, he turned out a preacher, or rather a prophet, until his customers had left his shop, and his family was likely to famish.

His monomania was well known to Dean Swift, who benevolently watched for some convenient opportunity to turn the current of his thoughts. One night the tailor, as he fancied, got special revelation to go and convert Dean Swift; and the next morning, took up the line of march to the deanery. The Dean, whose study was furnished with a glass door, saw the tailor approach, and instantly surmised the nature of his errand. Throwing himself into an attitude of solemnity and thoughtfulness, with the Bible open before him, and his eyes fixed on the tenth chapter of Revelation, he awaited his approach.

The door opened, and the tailor announced in an unearthly voice, the message :—"Dean Swift, I am sent by the Almighty to announce to you—" "Come in, my friend," said the Dean, "I am in great trouble, and no doubt the Lord has sent you to help me out of my difficulty."

This unexpected welcome inspired the tailor, and strengthened greatly his assurance in his own prophetic character, and disposed him to listen to the disclosure.

"My friend," said the Dean, "I have just been reading the tenth chapter of Revelation, and am greatly distressed at a difficulty I have met with; and you are the very man sent to help me out. Here is an account of an angel that came down from heaven, who was so large that he placed one foot on the sea and the other on the earth, and lifted up his hands to heaven. Now my knowledge of mathematics," continued the Dean, "has enabled me to calculate exactly the size and form of the angel; but I am in great difficulty, for I wish to ascertain how much cloth it will take to make him a pair of breeches, and as that is exactly in your line of business, I have no doubt the Lord has sent you to show me."

This exposition came like an electric shock to the poor tailor; he rushed from the house, ran to his shop, and a sudden revulsion of thought and feeling came over him. Making breeches was exactly in his line of business. He returned to his occupation thoroughly cured of his prophetical revelations, by the wit of the Dean.

PULPIT GRAVITY.

A minister was preaching to a large congregation in one of the Southern States, on the certainty of a future judgment. In the gallery sat a colored girl, with a white child in her arms, which she was dancing up and down with commendable effort, to make baby observe the proprieties of the place. The preacher was too much interested in his subject to notice the occasional noise of the infant; and at the right point in his discourse, threw himself into an interesting attitude, as though he had suddenly heard the first note of the trump of doom, and looking towards that part of the church where the girl with the baby in her arms was sitting, he asked, in a low, deep voice

"What is that I hear?"

Before he recovered from the oratorical pause, so as to answer his own question, the colored girl responded, in a mortified tone of voice, but loud enough to catch the ears of the entire congregation

"I don'no, sa, I spec' it is dis here chile; but, indeed, sa, I has been doin' all I could to keep him from 'sturbin' you."

It is easy to imagine that this unexpected rejoinder took the tragic out of the preacher in the shortest time imaginable; and that the solemnity of that judgment-day sermon was not a little diminished by the event.

Rev. Mr. S. was preaching in one of the Methodist Episcopal churches in this city, and there was in attendance a good old Methodist brother, very much given to responses. Sometimes these responses were not exactly appropriate, but they were always well meant. The preacher usually lucid, was rather perplexed, and felt it himself. He labored through his first part, and then said

"Brethren, I have now reached the conclusion of my first point?"

"Thank God!" piously ejaculated the old man, who sat before him, profoundly interested; but the unexpected response, and the suggestive power of it, so confused the preacher, that it was with difficulty he could rally himself to a continuance of his discourse.

THE SPREADING OF A REPORT.—The servant at No. 1 told the servant at No. 2, that her master expected his old friends, the Bayleys, to pay him a visit at Christmas; and No. 2 told No. 3 that No. 1 expected the Bayleys in the house every day; and No. 3 told No. 4 that it was all up with No. 1, for they couldn't keep the bailiffs out; whereupon No. 4 told No. 5 that the officers were after No. 1, and that it was as much as he could do to prevent himself from being taken into execution, and that it was killing his poor, dear wife; and so it went on, increasing and increasing, until it got to No. 33, when it was reported that the detective police had taken up the gentleman who lived at No. 1, for killing his poor, dear wife with arsenic, and it was confidently hoped and expected that he would be executed, as the facts of the case were very clear against him.

A CONUNDRUM.—"I say, Sambo, can you answer dis conunderdrum; suppose I gib you a bottle of whiskey corked shut wid a cork; how would you get the whiskey out without pullin' de cork or breakin' de bottle?"

"I gives dat up"

"Way, push de cork in. Yah, yah!"

THE REASONS.—A curious inquirer has been able to draw up a table of the different reasons for wearing a moustache. Having questioned not fewer than 1,000 persons so adorned, their answers have helped him to the following result:

To avoid catching cold—32.
To hide their teeth—5.
To take away a prominent nose—7.
To avoid being taken as an Englishman, abroad—7.
Because they are in the army—6.
Because they are rifle volunteers—221.
Because Prince Albert does it—2.
Because it is artistic—29.
Because they were singers—3.
Because they travel—17.
Because they lived on the Continent—1.
Because the wife likes it—8.
Because they have got weak lungs—5.
Because it acts as a respirator—29.
Because it is healthy—77.
Because the young ladies admire it—471.
Because it is considered "the thing"—10.
To avoid shaving—69.
Because his uncle did not—1.

A DIVORCED MAN.—Sir Charles Lyell gives the following story of a certain party seated by a reserved companion in a railway carriage, and who, by way of beginning a conversation, said,

"Are you a bachelor?"

"No, I'm not," replied the other, drily.

"You are a married man?" continued he.

"No, I'm not."

"Then you must be a widower?"

"No, I'm not."

Here there was a short pause—but the undaunted querist returned to the charge, observing—

"If you are neither a bachelor nor a married man nor a widower, what in the world can you be?"

"If you must know," said the other, "I'm a divorced man!"

A PUZZLE.—A just but a severe man built a gallows on a bridge, and asked every passenger whither he was going. If he answered truly, he passed unharmed; if falsely, he was hanged on the gallows. One day a passenger being asked the usual question, answered, "I am going to be hanged on the gallows." "Now," said the gallows-builder, "if I hang this man, he will have answered truly, and ought not to have been hanged; if I do not hang him, he will have answered falsely, and ought to have been hanged." It is not recorded what decision he came to.

THE TWO CAKES.—"Julia, here are two cakes—one for you and one for Mary; Mary don't want hers just now, and you may carry it for her till we get home."

After a while the mother observed that Miss Julia began eating upon the second cake, having already disposed of one. Of course, she thought it was time to speak

"Julia, whose cake are you eating?"

"Mine, ma."

"And where is Mary's?"

"Why, I eat hers up first."

THE BRAIN.

One of the readiest roads to the head is through the lungs. You may reach the brain in a minute with chloroform, for example.—The power of this drug is something marvellous. When under its influence, a man may have his limb cut off without any sensation whatever; and even when he recovers from the artificial trance, he may still have neither pain nor uneasiness. Why? Have you ever seen a person after a fit of epilepsy? After a fit of that kind, people have no remembrance of anything done to them during the fit. During the epileptic paroxysm, the brain is all but completely torpid. The same thing happens after the anæsthetic sleep of chloroform. In neither case can a man remember what he never felt. But mark what may happen after amputation performed on a patient under chloroform. The same man who felt no pain in the stump either during or after the operation, may continue for many successive months to be attacked with the identical local symptoms for which his limb was removed, at the hour of the day or night when he was wont to suffer martyrdom before its removal. And more than this—if acized by his old enemy during sleep, he may wake, exclaiming—"Oh, my leg, my leg! it pains me the same as when it was on!" More curious still, he may tell you he can, so far as his own feelings are concerned, actually move the foot of the amputated limb. What do these facts prove? They prove: 1. That the brain is the source of all motion and all sensation, morbid or sane; they prove, inversely, 2. That the brain is the source of rest and remission, sleep included; they further prove, 3. That the brain is the source of all paroxysmal recurrence, whether the more prominent symptoms be general or local.—*London Medical Practice.*

HORSE EATING.—In France and Germany, of late, the practice of eating horse flesh has been somewhat gaining ground. In some German towns the market price of horse-flesh is regularly quoted in the price current column of local newspapers. Custom and prejudice have something to do with one's repugnance to horse flesh; but there also seems to be a real, sound objection, so far as plain roast and boiled horse beef is concerned. A Frenchman, M. Bellat, has been trying to discover the extent to which prejudice is concerned, and to what extent there is a real positive objection. He says that horse-beef is black and stringy, and not easily digestible. He, however, praises horse soup, and advises that horse flesh for human aliment should either be converted into soup, or, what is pretty much the same thing, into concentrated meat essence. He, however, states (a very curious thing, if true,) that not even good soup or good meat essence can be made from the flesh of white horses.

☞ It is the custom in Denmark to keep the graves covered with white sand, on which are placed wreaths and flower pots.

HARRY VERDANT, late of the maternal mansion, but now trying to be a man, whose thoughtful mother has heretofore attended to his linen wants, goes for the first time into a store to order some shirts to be made.

YOUNG LADY (in waiting).—It's necessary that we should have the exact size, sir!

H. V.—Goodness gracious! must I stwip?

DOLLAR JEWELRY.—THE GOLD THAT COPPER KETTLES ARE MADE OF.—Oriede is a new metallic alloy, extensively used in this country as a substitute for gold. Stores have sprung into existence for the sale of it, and newspapers contain flaming advertisements of a "full set of jewelry for only one dollar, being the stock of a large manufacturer, who is obliged to dispose of his stock on account of the panic." It is a French discovery, but is manufactured to a large extent in Waterbury, Connecticut. It bears a very close resemblance to gold in color, density, and fineness of grain; so close that it deceives every one but practical dealers or experts, although there is not a single particle of gold in it. The fineness of grain in this alloy gives to those objects of art composed of it a delicacy and a purity of detail that cannot be obtained from bronze. The alloy is ductile and malleable, and can be cast, rolled, drawn, stamped, chased, beaten into a powder, or leaves, or treated in any other way the artisan may desire. An immense amount of dollar jewelry is now being manufactured out of this city and sold South and West.—*New York Leader.*

GIVE ME DRINK.—McLeod, an English writer, puts the following language into the mouth of those who visit the rumseller's den—

"There's my money—give me drink!—There's my clothing and food—give me drink! There's the clothing, food, and fire of my wife and children—give me drink! There's the education of the family and the peace of the house—give me drink! There is the money I have robbed from the schoolmaster, and innumerable articles I have robbed from the storekeeper—give me drink!—Pour me out drink, for more will I pay for it. There's my health of body and peace of mind—there's my character as a man and my profession as a Christian—I will give up all—give me drink! More yet have I to give. There is my Heavenly inheritance, and the everlasting friendship of the redeemed—there is all hope of salvation! I give up my Saviour! I give up my God! I resign all! All that is good, great and glorious in the universe, I resign forever, that I may be drunk!"

THE ANCIENT STAGE.—The stage in other days presented many contrasts to the stage in ours. It consisted of three platforms. On the uppermost of those, the Supreme Being was represented seated on His throne. On the second platform appeared angels and "the spirits of just men made perfect." The third was set apart for mortal men and women, and at the side of this lowest platform yawned a huge cavern, called the "Mouth of Hell." From this cavern issued smoke and flame, groans and yells. Into its depths sinners were precipitated. In and out of its recesses the arch fiend and a troop of his imps were constantly capering, and exciting by their jokes and pantomimic gestures the uproarious laughter of the audience.

Agricultural.

GROOMING A HORSE.

"What do you give your horses to keep them in such fine condition?" asked a young farmer of his neighbor, whose team of bays were the pride of their owner, and the admiration of the village. "Oats, carrots, and plenty of *brush*," was the reply. There is little need of insisting on the necessity of good food, and plenty of it, to have a horse remain vigorous. Every one knows that bone, and sinew, and muscle are manufactured from hay, oats, corn, &c., and that the raw material must be supplied to produce the strong limb, elastic step, and noble spirit, which makes a fine horse the universal favorite he is. But the important part which the skin bears in the animal economy, and the necessity of properly cleansing and keeping it in healthy condition, are not fully appreciated. Rough staring coats, "grease" or "scratches," inflammations, and a whole catalogue of diseases, find their origin in neglect of proper grooming.

The skin of the horse, like that of other animals, not only affords protection to the parts within, but by the pores affords an outlet to a large part of the waste of the body. In out-door life, the natural state of the horse, this membrane becomes thickened and tough, capable of resisting changes of temperature; and by continual exercise, the pores are kept open, giving free exit to all the exhalations. But this alone will not give the smooth glossy coat which adds so greatly to the animal's beauty. Confining the horse to the stable, as is generally done for at least part of the year, renders his skin tender, especially when he is kept warmly blanketed. Expose him now to great change of temperature; take him out and drive him until heated, return him to the stable, and let him stand uncared for over night, even for an hour, the sensitive skin is rapidly chilled by the evaporation of the sweat, the pores are suddenly closed, and often a cold, a rheumatic stiffness, or other disorder, results. Proper grooming prevents this, by toughening the skin, keeping it in healthy action, equalizing the circulation, removing obstruction from the pores, and what is of great importance, by rousing the action of the muscles at the surface, in some measure, compensates for the want of exercise, consequent upon stable life.

Currying and brushing should not be done in the stable; the dust and scurf will be scattered in the manger to mix with the horse feed, besides keeping the stable uncleanly. Take the animal into the open air, tie him securely, and handle him so gently that he will enjoy, rather than dread, the application of the comb and brush. A sharp curry-comb, roughly scraped over the tender skin, is anything but pleasant, as the shrinking and resisting animal will soon show. Apply this instrument lightly, and depend mainly on the free use of the brush. Begin at the head, and pass the comb lightly up and down, until the dandruff is all loosened, and remove it with the brush. Be particular around the edges of the foretop, and the mane. It is a good plan to sponge off the head and ears, using but little water, smoothing the hair down to its natural position. In going over the back, quarters, loins, &c., use the comb in one hand and the brush in the other, working lightly and quickly. Take much pains where the skin lies in fold, as at the union of the legs with the body—let every part be made thoroughly free from dust and dandruff. Finish by rubbing down vigorously with wisps of straw, until the hair "shines like a bottle"—an extra smoothing touch may be put on with a woolen cloth. Do not fear all this trouble; it will be more than repaid in the extra looks and spirit of the horse.—*American Agriculturist.*

WHITEWASH.

Whitewash is one of the most valuable articles in the world when properly applied. It prevents not only the decay of wood, but conduces greatly to the healthfulness of all buildings, whether of wood or stone. Outbuildings and fences, when not painted, should be supplied once or twice every year with a good coat of whitewash, which should be prepared in the following way:—Take a clean, water-tight barrel, or other suitable cask, and put into it half a bushel of lime. Slake it by pouring water over it, boiling hot, and in sufficient quantity to cover it five inches deep, and stir it briskly till thoroughly slaked. When the slaking has been effected, dissolve it in water, and add two pounds of sulphate of zinc, and one of common salt. These will cause the wash to harden, and prevent its cracking, which gives an unseemly appearance to the work. If desirable, a beautiful cream color may be communicated to the above wash, by adding three pounds of yellow ochre; or a good pearl or lead color, by the addition of lamp, vine, or ivory black. For fawn color, add four pounds umber—Turkish or American, the latter is the cheaper—one pound Indian red, and one pound common lampblack. For common stone color, add four pounds raw umber, and two pounds lampblack. This wash may be applied with a common whitewash-brush, and will be found much superior, both in appearance and durability, to common whitewash.—*Chemical Gazette.*

STEAMING FOOD FOR STOCK.—The Springfield Republican states that William Birnie has wintered 42 cattle, 3 horses, and 4 sheep, on the produce of 60 acres of land, which allowing the whole stock to equal 38 cows, gives about an acre and a-half of land for the annual sustenance of each animal. Wheat bran and oil-meal are purchased and used for the stock, which is balanced by the disposal of corn and hay of equal value. The amount of fodder consumed daily by Mr. B.'s stock is stated as follows:—

378 lbs. of chaffed corn-fodder and straw	$1,89
77 lbs. long hay	70
120 lbs. wheat bran	1,20
10 lbs. oil meal	17
10 lbs. cob meal	12
20 bus. roots	2,00
Fuel for steaming the above	40
Total	$6,48

Which makes a cost of about 17 cents a day for each animal. It is stated that the stock is in fine condition, and that the quantity of milk diminishes when steamed food is withheld. Mr. B. generally cooks twenty bushels of roots per day for his stock, and on feeding, by way of experiment, the same quantity raw for three weeks, there was a diminution equal to a quart of milk a day to each cow.

A "WOODEN" STORY.—We have heard of wooden nutmegs—and, to bring it nearer the subject of our story, we have heard of our transatlantic cousins indulging in wooden hams; but Jonathan, we should fancy, never accomplished so wonderful a feat as that recorded by a correspondent:

"A fine sow, having twelve sucking pigs, belonging to a pork merchant in Monkwearmouth, was taken ill, and died suddenly. The proprietor, who is an ingenious character, set to work and formed a rough model of a sow in wood, being hollow in the centre, the abdomen being furnished with twelve teats, cleverly formed of rawhide. The interior of the model is kept filled with milk, and the whole of the young pigs suck from the teats of this singular-looking wooden sow, and all are thriving well."—*Mark Lane Express.*

CHEAP ROOFING FOR HOUSES.—Take coal tar, 800 pounds; hydraulic lime, 150 pounds; ochre, 75 pounds, and whiting, 40 pounds. Mix these substances together thoroughly, and they will make a sufficient quantity of cement to cover 1,000 square feet of roofing. It should be laid down upon strong cotton sheeting nailed to the roof boards, and on the top of all a coat of sand or gravel is to be laid and pressed firmly down. The cost of such roofing is about $2,30 for ten square feet. It answers very well for sheds and other outhouses.

Useful Receipts.

OX CHEEK IN BAKING PAN.—Get half a one ready boned; if not to be had, get the half head with the bone—in which case they should be broken small, and put in the broth; but it gives more trouble than it is worth.—The solid meat is more economical. Wash it well, cut off the white part, put the cheek in the pan, and proceed exactly as above, only give it three or four hours to bake. A little mixed spice improves the flavor. Take the fat off, remove the meat, cut it into small pieces, put it into the tureen, and pour the broth over.

CHEAP PEA SOUP.—Put into the iron pot two ounces of dripping, one quarter of a pound of bacon, cut into dice, two good onions sliced; fry them gently until brownish, then add one large or two small turnips, the same of carrots, one leek, and one head of celery, all cut thin and slanting (if all these cannot be obtained, use any of them, but about the same amount); fry for ten minutes more, and then add seven quarts of water; boil up, and add one pound and a-half of split peas; simmer for two or three hours, until reduced to a pulp, which depends on the quality of the pea; then add two tablespoonfuls of salt, one of sugar, one of dried mint; mix half a pound of flour smooth in a pint of water; stir it well; pour in the soup, boil thirty minutes, and serve.

PEA SOUP, MEAGRE.—Precisely as above, only oil or butter used instead of bacon or dripping; skim milk could with advantage be used, in which case add three ounces of salt. Although this is entirely deprived of animal substances, yet the farinaceous ingredients, with the addition of bread, will act generously on the digestive organs, satisfying the heartiest eater.—*Soyer's Cookery for the People.*

TO PROTECT DRIED FRUIT FROM WORMS.—It is said that dried fruit put away with a little sassafras bark (say a large handful to a bushel), will save for years, unmolested by those troublesome little insects which so often destroy hundreds of bushels in a season. The remedy is cheap and simple.

CASES OF CANCER.—Plenty of good wholesome food, a well-drained, well-ventilated house, pure country air, extreme cleanliness of person and clothing, sufficient exercise, clothing which exerts no injurious pressure on the diseased part, with mental occupation and amusement, will do a great deal towards the formation of healthy blood, the deposit of healthy tissues from it, and the removal of effete matter or formations of a low aplastic character.

TO WHITEN LINEN.—Stains occasioned by fruit, iron rust, and other similar causes, may be removed by applying to the parts injured a weak solution of the chloride of lime—the cloth having been previously well washed—or of soda, oxalic acid, or salts of lemon, in warm water. The parts subjected to this operation should be subsequently well rinsed in soft, clear, warm water, without soap, and be immediately dried in the sun.

STARCHING.—Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic, put it in a pitcher, and pour on it one pint of boiling water, cover it, and let it stand all night; in the morning pour it into a bottle and cork it; a tablespoonful of it put in a pot of ordinary starch will improve it very much.

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 4, 1, 10, 6, 2, was the muse who presided over the songs of lovers.
My 7, 5, 14, 11, 2, 15, was a sea demi-god, the son and trumpeter of Neptune.
My 15, 14, 3, 3, 16, was the daughter of Tantalus, who through grief at the death of her children, wept herself into a stone.
My 2, 8, 14, 2, 15, was a celebrated hunter.
My 12, 13, 15, was the god of shepherds.
My 10, 7, 9, was the goddess of mischief, who was cast down from Heaven by Jupiter.
My whole is the name of one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.

ALBERT M. MARTIN.
Sugar Grove, Warren Co., Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 28 letters.

My 4, 21, 7, 18, 6, is found in the human body.
My 9, 10, is a preposition.
My 9, 2, 5, 9, is one of the United States.
My 16, 5, 17, 18, 9, is a musical instrument.
My 2, 19, 24, 19, the goddess of youth.
My 4, 5, 19, 18, 18, 17, is a city in Europe.
My 1, 9, 23, 17, 8, 9, is a vegetable.
My 16, 17, 11, 5, is a celebrated opera singer.
My 14, 17, 23, 15, 26, is a man's name.
My 12, 15, 16, 16, 28, is what we all wish to be.
My 16, 5, 20, 15, celebrated leaning tower.
My 14, 25, 28, is a bird.
My 3, 11, 18, 15, is a celebrated volcano.
My 27, 5, 18, is what we all do.
My whole was an event in American history.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 59 letters.

My 1, 8, 6, 35, 21, 38, 10, 28, 5, 36, is a town in England.
My 13, 24, 37, is a river in Prussia.
My 20, 15, 11, 31, 4, 6, is a lake in Sweden.
My 36, 34, 6, 37, 16, is a county in Scotland.
My 33, 39, 36, 14, 4, 6, 3, 37, 25, 39, is a county in England
My 5, 35, 26, 2, is a town in China.
My 36, 12, 19, 32, 31, 29, 7, is a town in Hindostan.
My 9, 15, 27, 31, 29, 7, is a town in Kentucky.
My 17, 15, 23, 3, 33, 30, is a sea in Asia.
My whole is an old saying.

EDWARD NEWTON.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first on foreign churches you may greet:
At home it's seldom found in church or street;
My second oft is used by household care,
To make old garments fit for folks to wear;
My whole may well describe ill-humored folks,
Who knit their brows at puns, charades and jokes.

SAMUEL LAIRD.

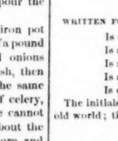
RIDDLE.

AAAAAHHHNNPPZTR.

No name of nation nor of place,
I by these letters mean;
But if you do them rightly trace,
And put each letter in its place,
A word will then be seen.
To know what word these letters spell,
Read your *Bible*, that will tell—
And when you search the Scriptures round,
It only once can there be found.

REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.



The initials form the name of a city in the old world; the finals the place of situation.

WILLIAM T. TOTTEN.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Three men, A, B and C, agree to reap a field of grain for $39,68; A and B calculate that they can do 4-5 of the labor; A and C, that they can do 2-3; and B and C, that they can do 3-5 of it. How much can each receive according to these estimates?

Manor Dale, Pa. J. F. H.

☞ An answer is requested.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What number is that to which if you add 5-7 of 7-9 of itself, the sum will be 126? PETER.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Given, a board 20 feet long, 2 feet wide at one end, and 1 foot at the other. Where shall it be cut so that there may be an equal number of feet in each of the two pieces?—I. e., how far from the smaller end or from the wider end must it be cut to give equal areas in each part?

Waukesha, Wis. S. M. WHITE.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a clergyman near the end of his sermon like a boy who has rent his integuments? Ans.—Because he's *tored his clothes* (tow'rd his close).

☞ When is a negro not a negro? Ans.—When he's a buttin' (button).

☞ Why is the letter g like matrimony? Ans.—Because it is the end of courting.

☞ Why is a fly one of the tallest of insects? Ans.—Because he stands over six feet without shoes or stockings.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Clinton Liberal Institute, Oneida County, New York. REBUS—Illinois—(Italy, Land's End, Long, Indian, North, Ontario, Indus, Sena.) CHARADE—Court-house. DOUBLE REBUS—Petchora, in Europe—(Petchili, Ehrenbreitstein, Tennessee, Corfu, Hanover, Ohio, Rangoon, Abbeville.) ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM—15-22.

☞ It has been decided that a blind black man, in a dark cellar, with a dark lantern, looking for a blind black cat, constitutes a very "dark transaction."